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A DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THE salmon of our own waters, or the land crabs of tropical regions, are not more periodically and unerringly impelled towards the sea than myself;—at that precise period of the season when the heat of vernal mid-day begins to render the thought of a fresh breeze delightful, and when the light curl on the distant waves makes them smile in the sunbeam, like the fast-fleeting, but as quickly renovated, hopes of youth.

Is there, can there be, to the mind or eye of man, a more glorious prospect than is yonder unfolded—when the gaze first rests on that shoreless expanse of proudly girdling ocean—upon which the beacon islet, with its seemingly baseless tower, shows like a pillar of some erl-king's submarine palace—and the homeward bark, deep-freighted with the weal and woe of thousands, like a flitting carrier-dove upon the far horizon!

"Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
Much of the power and majesty of God!"

says Cowper, and never did poet's remark find a more universal echo in the human breast. Yet who has not experienced in the end, a sense of monotony and humiliation in that very illimitable breadth and depth, which mock alike the puny vision, the scanty knowledge, and bounded faculties of man! The Creator, alone, methinks, is qualified to contemplate, without satiety, that ocean, whose abysses *His* glance can fathom, and whose waters (to borrow the only adequate language

on the subject) have been "meted in the hollow of *His* hand!"

It is not, at this season, the distant panorama that will content me—and an instinct I never dream of questioning, turns my horse's head towards the beach the first spring day, when the unchecked melody of birds, and the untired industry of bees, and a certain balmy softness in the air, against which (like the downy shield impervious to the keenest weapon) winter's icy arrows must surely fall powerless—seem to warrant a belief that spring has fairly set in.

After clearing the smooth expanse of intervening downs, they are exchanged for the rude bulwark of rocks, on which is inscribed in characters of adamant the decree—"Here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

In pity to Dumble, and indulgence to myself, I dismount, and, leaving him to the novel luxury of the short salt herbage peeping from among the crags, I ramble in happy forgetfulness along the sunny sands, now lifting an eye of shuddering wonder to the beetling cliffs and overhanging caves, (to whose perilous shelter, fear of death could alone have reconciled mortality)—now stooping with almost infantine delight, to pick up each shining pebble at my feet, as if I thought its glittering texture a radiant specimen of that elder world, whose triturated relics form my noiseless path. Seated upon a jutting rock, I watch the restless sea-birds, skimming

like giant swallows upon the watery plain, and ever and anon the dark unwieldy porpoises heaving, like inky bubbles, on the glassy wave. I love to gaze upon the slow receding of the ebbing tide, and muse upon its counterpart in human fortunes,—when, their fickle stream withdrawn, many a gay rainbow-tinted mollusca lies stranded in unseemly reptile-reality on the desert shore.

But amid all the magnificence of nature, amid even the animated sparkling charms of ocean, *man* will after all be not only, according to the didactic poet, “the proper study,” but the irresistible magnet, of his fellow mortals. I no sooner, while pursuing the ramble to which I have been alluding, along the beach, caught, from a projecting rock, a peep of the snug little harbor of X—, thronged with boats, and exhibiting an unusual appearance of bustle and activity,—than I felt impelled, by sudden interest in the scene, to recollect the propriety, nay, even necessity, of a long-intended visit to its worthy pastor, Mr. Men-teith.

I found, on calling at the Manse—lying between me and the village, in a little sheltered cove, which nothing ruder than the “sweet south” could ever visit—that the worthy minister was from home; nor did a garrulous old nurse (the only member of the family unwillingly remaining on the premises) fail to make me acquainted with the reason.

“The town’s a’ asteer the day, sir,” said she; “and ye canna wonder at it. There’s four-and-twenty as gude men and lads to sail this tide for Greenland, as ever tried the cauld uncanny trade; and there’s sair hearts enow nae doubt, amang wives and mothers; and the minister, ye’re sure, couldna bide awa’ at sic a time, when the women ’ll need comafort, and the lads counsel. Yestreen was our Greenland preachings, as we ca’ them, and weel I wot, if an honest man’s prayers can bring a blessing, they werena spared for them that ‘go down to the sea in ships.’—But will

ye step in, sir, and rest ye?” added my garrulous informant, “or shall I send the herd laddie down bye for the master? He’ll be vexed to miss you, and you sic a stranger!—And really you look sair forfoughten wi’ scrambling amang our rocks.”

I thanked old Elspeth, but declining her hospitality, pursued my walk towards the village, along a line of the same rugged rocks which formed the rest of the shore, but amid which a rude path was now discernible. It led to the little primitive kirk, whose site, selected by a shipwrecked monarch in memorial of deliverance, almost among the very breakers from which he had escaped, rendered it a most appropriate place of worship for a seafaring population. Even in calm weather, the hoarse murmur of the waves against its rocky base was heard with reverential awe during the pauses of the solemn service; but when storms arose, the tempest’s roar had proved at times too powerful for the puny voice of man to struggle with. It always reminded me of that most impressive of services, prayers at sea; nor was the illusion likely to be dispelled by the hardy weather-beaten faces that filled the galleries, or the grotesque seafaring emblems by which they had been in ruder times adorned. Ships—figures taking observations in the costume of Dutch skippers of the last century, were blended with quaint Scripture sentences in black letter, to distract the eyes, and disturb the devotions of many successive generations; and I love to engrave them by description on my memory, ere the hand of regretted, but necessary improvement, shall sweep them all for ever away.

From the abrupt rocky knoll on which the church is situated, I had a full prospect of the hamlet, shut out by the impending cliffs from the view of nearly all mankind beside. Its population all in motion, yet without apparent aim or purpose, reminded me of an invaded ant-hill, or a swarm of bees, whose queen has been deposed. Women ran in bustling impor-

tance from house to house—fishermen lounged about in desultory groups, regardless of their usual preparations—the children seemed to have got a holiday—the very school-house door stood open—all indicated the deep and engrossing interest the maritime population felt in an embarkation, with which, indeed, scarce a family in the place was altogether unconnected.

The village of X—consisted, like most other Scotch villages, of a main street; but if any one exclusively attaches to that title, the idea of a level causeway, regularly bordered with parallel lines of houses, he has only to visit the one in question to be undeceived. Accessible at one end only over rocks, scarce partially levelled into the semblance of a road, and terminating on the other in an abrupt and perpendicular ascent,—the middle of the town presented a narrow deeply rutted lane, (reminding me, by the way, in both these particulars, of the old Roman streets of Pompeii,) and its scanty dimensions were, moreover, so abridged by invading outside stairs, that collision with a cart left little alternative save being impaled on a basket of fish hooks, or imbedded in the fragrant lap of a mussel-midden.

The presence of a well-dressed stranger—one whom not even Hamlet, in his wildest mood, could have mistaken for “a fishmonger”—seldom failed to excite an unusual sensation in its amphibious race; but on this eventful day I might have perambulated the village long enough, without attracting more than a transient glance from a truant scholar.

The first dwelling to which I was directed as likely to contain the minister, was one of such small dimensions, as indicated that its occupant, in removing, ere long, to the “narrow house” appointed for all living, would make no very violent, or probably unwelcome, transition. When I lifted the latch, which I did so gently as to be unperceived, there stood, with his back to me, on the scanty floor, a stout young sailor, his bundle in his

hand, as if in act to depart, yet lingering in reluctance to quit the aged venerable being, who, from an elbow-chair beside the fire, was giving him her trembling benediction.

There appeared a struggle in his mind, between the love of enterprise and the sense of filial duty. The latter had just triumphed, and as I came in, I heard him say,—“Dinna greet sae sair, mother!—If ye downa bide to see me gang sae far away frae ye, I’ll just stay, and try what I can do for ye at hame. There’s mair to be made yonder, nae doubt—and” (with a sigh) “mair to be seen for a young lad that wad fain be neibour-like—but I’ll bide wi’ ye, mother, gin ye like—and there’s as gude fish in the sea here,—if they’re no just sae muckle,—as ever cam out o’t in Greenland.”

“Ye’ll no bide wi’ me, Johnny!” answered the sorrowing, yet resigned parent,—who, a neighbor whispered me, had lost a husband and three sons by the perils of the deep,—“Ye’ll gang in the Lord’s name, like them that gaed before ye—if it be the Lord’s will, ye’ll come safe hame again—and if”—but the alternative that might be submitted to, could not be expressed in words.—“Gae’ your way, my bairn, and follow your lawful calling—the widow’s ae laddie will no want Ane to keep him skaithless.”

I drew back out of sight, while the meek emaciated being, who looked as if sorrow had nearly done its last, and perhaps not worst office, of loosening the ties that bound frame as well as spirit to this world, wrung her son’s hand, and feebly sighing—“The Lord gae wi’ ye,” sunk exhausted in her chair.

“She’s right, sirs,” said a grave old man of primitive aspect, in his Sunday’s suit—one of the elders, who had been evidently employed in reconciling her to the separation. “It’s baith useless and sinfu’ to wrestle against duty and Providence. There’s Marion Jamieson down bye has been fret fretting, and wishing for something to keep her ne’er-do-weel spoilt callant frae the fishing—and didna he fa’ into

the draw-well yestreen in the darkening, and near lose his life on an errand o' her ain devising? A demented woman she was, when she fand her muckle-made o' wean—that she was feared to trust on the sea wi' his Marker—lying, feet upmost, in her ain yard well!—Whether he'll ever wower wi't is but doubtful—but a blythe mother wad she hae been, to see him sailing, stout and hail, wi' the lave o' our lads to Greenland the day!"

I listened with deep respect to the white-headed elder's practical homily—and at its close, requested him to tell me where he thought I should most probably find Mr. Menteith, with whom I had a few minutes' business. "He'll readily be sitting awhile wi' Helen Lonie, that has the sairest heart in the town the day—for her man, that was wont to be the flower and king o' our Greenland lads, and cam hame sae often skaitless frae the deep, dwined awa' this winter wi' a slow decline, and her fatherless bairns are no auld enough to do any thing for her. I've a trifle o' siller here to gie her, that the lads scriapt thegither for her yestreen—for she's kent better days, and her heart's no just resigned to tak Session help yet. So we made a bit subscription, and she'll no refuse it, at the hand o' her Willie's loving comrades. The minister's no to tell her how muckle it comes to, that he may slip in what he likes frae the Session frae time to time. It's no a'thegither a right frame o' Helen's to be sae pridefu'—but if she thinks she can wrestle up her bairns without parish help, it'll prevent her sinking under her distress."

I was too sincere a friend to the lingering feeling of honest repugnance to parochial aid, long the boast and pride of my country, not to contribute my mite to keep Helen, in effect as well as idea, off the list of its dependents. The elder seemed, on the score of my subscription, to think me entitled to the *entrée* of the house of mourning; and I accompanied him,

with real sympathy, to the door, though I declined going further till I should learn the state of the widow's feelings.

The dwelling, still that of her more prosperous days, afforded two apartments; in the outer and unoccupied one of which, the elder left me for a few minutes. There was much in the aspect of this little cabin—for such, in many of its features, it might have seemed—to render it trying to the feelings of the poor bereaved one. To the full-rigged miniature ship, the characteristic ornament of many a skipper's parlor, were added shells of the Torrid Zone, (the gifts of shipmates,) in strange contact with pieces of whalebone, and teeth of seals and walruses. The massy silver watch, hung by a black ribbon over the mantle-piece, and still regularly taking note of that time with which he, whose movements it had so long directed, had ceased to have connexion, was a striking and melancholy memento. A mark on the wall indicated the recent disappearance (probably from poverty) of a clock, whose occupation was now, alas! superseded by the stationary position of a watch, not to be parted with for gold, nor displaced till claimed by its owner's curly-headed eldest boy.

In the window lay a large Bible, on whose ample boards was printed, "William Lonie, mariner;" and beside it a well-thumbed collection of shipwrecks, and a Natural History of the Whale. A scrupulously clean bed, with its elaborate patchwork quilt, spoke of former luxury and opulence—but at its foot a little hastily arranged curtain concealed something, which, in a Catholic cottage, might have been supposed a relic, or a patron image. Whatever it was, it was here alike precious and painful to memory—and excluded from the eye, lest it should be too much for the heart. I lifted, more in sympathy than curiosity, the veil aside; and behind it, mute for years at least, perhaps for ever, hung the light-hearted sailor's fiddle!—whose merry tones

had, doubtless, whiled away many an interminable polar day, and gladdened the hearts of the bairns during many a winter night at home. As if to mark the latter destination of its jocund strains,—just beneath it stood that cradle whose occupation was for ever gone!

The examination of these wrecks of past happiness had brought me close to the slight partition; and I could hear, amid suppressed and gentle weeping, a glad young voice exclaim, “Mother! ye’ll send me and Willy to the schule now—and we’ll be men in no time, and gang to Greenland like our father!”

“Dinna think,” at length sobbed out the soft, mild, weeper,—“that I’m no grateful, John Donaldson, because I canna speak to tell you and my puir Willy’s kindly neibors, how muckle I think o’ your kindness—God alone kens—and I tak it the mair freely, that mony’s the time the puir fellow has done the like for them that needed it!”

“Ay, Helen, that did he,” answered the canny elder; “and is it no a true text that says, ‘Cast your bread upon the waters, and ye shall find it after many days?’”

“Eut, neibor,” said the oppressed widow, “I canna think upon warld’s gear the day,—no even to gie the praise whar it is rightly due,—when I wad gie a’ that men ever wared or won, to see Willie Lonie standing feckless and plackless,—as I ance saw him after a shipwreck,—wi’ naething on the earth but his leal heart and his stout arm to trust to!—But,” added she, sighing, and suddenly changing her tone, “Gae wa’, John Donaldson, and thank the lads for me; and tak wee Johnny in your hand—that’s his puir father’s picture. The blessing o’ the widow, and the thanks o’ the fatherless, will be muckle thought o’ the day amang them.”

“There’s one no far off, Helen,” said the good elder, “who wad maybe like to hae them too—though he’s a douce landwart gentleman, and no about encountering ony jeopardy.—

He’s a friend o’ the minister’s for-bye.”

“Is he indeed?” cried the widow—“then he is welcome to me, though he had never put his hand in his purse for me or mine! I whiles grieve that I canna repay the gude I get at mony a hand; but the minister, honest man, never lies on my conscience,—for his heart, and his treasure, and his reward, are a’ thegither in Heaven.”

I opened the door cautiously, and, introduced by the good old man, laid my hand affectionately on the heads of the dark rosy boys, and then held it out to their sorrowing mother. How impartial is Nature in her distribution of personal advantages! How omnipotent the regality of mind and character! Had a painter wished to pourtray a Roman matron of the softer stamp—the mother to whose carresses Coriolanus must have yielded—or the Eponina whose smiles could cheer long years of famine and proscription—here might have been his model. Yet there was a Madonna expression in her downcast eye, that spoke rather of Christian firmness than Roman stoicism; and a royal martyr of the early church, meek though undismayed, amid a hostile army, might have perhaps found in Helen Lonie a still meetter representative. I really shrunk back, half unable to proffer condolence to so commanding a being.

“I thank ye, sir, kindly,” said she, “for me and mine, for your Christian help to a lone woman, that has been e’en ower little used either to work or want. While Willie lived I had little need to do either; but if I do the best for the tane, Providence will take care o’ the other. This is to be my last day o’ sinfu’ repining. The Lord has sent this supply, to rebuke my heartlessness and quicken my diligence. Tak it wi’ ye, John Donaldson, and set me up in a bit shop wi’t—and see if it winna be like the widow’s cruse of oil, and grow aye the langer the mair! But ye maunna forget the kind givers, John—oh! dinna let the lads sail without my blessing! And

stop, John, I promised Peter Morrison *his* spyglass, for a token o' the love he bore him. I've never looked at it since the day *he* tried to see his ain vessel as she came up the Firth. 'It winna do, Helen,' said he, quietly. 'There's a glaze on my ee that winna let me see ony thing muckle langer.' I tried to look and tell him how the Nancy stood in the water—but the tear blinded me; and he said, 'Helen! look by the glass—I'll never need it mair!'—As the widow repeated these last words, the key turned in the lock of the old-fashioned scrutoire, and, along with the glass, many familiar objects, long carefully excluded, rushed upon her sight and memory. All her fortitude at once forsook her, and exclaiming, "Tak it yoursell, John, I'm no able"—she escaped through an inner door into the other room. We respected her sorrow too much to interrupt its vent, so, taking each a hand of the boys, and lifting, like a precious relic, the honest sailor's spyglass, we stole out of the house.

Chance soon threw in our way the comrade for whom the token was designed. He received it with a burst of rude emotion, to cover which he rattled to the children, and hurried away, with one in each hand, to treat them with gingerbread. The elder strove to detain him, to deliver Helen's message of thanks to this spokesman of the benevolent crew; but he only shook his head, and ran the faster out of hearing. "I maun get the minister to say a bit word for her, puir thing! he'll do it better than I can. I mind where he'll be now—nae doubt asking a blessing on the grace-drink at Sandie Nicol's, the auld sailing-master's. He's been to Greenland mair times than I can reckon, and makes aye a ploy o't, just like ony laddie, and sae does the hail family. There's twa o' his sons gawn wi' him this trip; the gudewife's stout heart'll be tried—but it never failed her yet: she's an unco woman for cantinence."

We soon got in front of the man-

sion, one of the best houses in the village, two stories high, and *self-contained*, viz. with its stair inside. Sounds of merriment certainly issued from an upper room; and not all the other perfumes of X—could entirely counteract the savory steam of pies and punch which emanated from the open window. It was not a day for etiquette, and up walked the elder; and I ventured to follow the more readily, that I heard, even amid a chaos of voices, young and old, the soft subdued tones of Mr. Menteith.

"Ye're welcome in, John Donaldson!" cried the gudewife, whose manners corroborated the elder's description. "It will be a braw fishing, nae doubt, that has baith the minister and his doucest elder to ask a blessing on't! and ye're welcome, too, sir, I'm sure," said she, cordially though respectfully to me, as she saw Mr. Menteith, not reluctantly, I believe, quit the post of honor beside her, and advance to shake me by the hand. He would have excused himself, and retired with me from the scene of rude hospitality; but the whole party violently interfered—"Na, na, minister!" said the cheerful but cautious old sailor, "if ye were to leave us sae lang afore the turn o' the tide, some o' us might get the maut aboon the meal. Drink may be a gude servant, but it's an ill master. Folk may forget themselves wi' baith feet on dry land; but wi' ae fit on the water, its clean nonsense! I never took aff a crew the waur o' drink since I steered boat, and that's no yesterday."

"Besides," said the gudewife, (who would rather hear Mr. Menteith preach than her husband at any time,) "the stranger gentleman, if he can just put up wi' our sea-faring way, wad may be like to hear some o' your auld warld Greenland stories. Ye ken ye aye tell the bairns some ferlies before starting."

It is almost impossible to come in familiar contact with honest industry, without becoming better; and in Scotland it is generally coupled with

so much intelligence, that one may expect to be wiser also. I was soon deep in all the mysteries of whaling and harpooning, and, catching animation from the weather-beaten faces round me, a partaker in all the various excitements of a Greenland voyage. The climate alone of the old patriarch's chamber of *dais* dispelled the illusion; nor could "thinking of the frosty Caucasus" itself, or all the snows of Nova Zembla, enable me to bear it much longer.

Just as I began to pant like the exhausted Leviathan of my old friend's narration, and like him to meditate an expiring effort to reach another element, I perceived that the minister had already disappeared; in consequence, I was told, of a summons to a parishioner in distress. Delicacy equally forbade my further intrusion on this family circle, and any efforts on their part to detain me, now that the only guest of my own rank had retired—so drinking off a glass to their successful voyage, and promising to witness the embarkation, I sallied gladly into the open air.

The beach was my natural resort, and on strolling towards it, I found there a knot of two or three young unmarried men, apparently too slightly connected in the village to excite any of the overwhelming feelings called forth by the more endearing relations of life—yet, who seemed to find some compensation in the friendly adieus, and lively banterings of a bevy of bright-eyed damsels, who, lounging about in gay caps and top-knots, formed a striking contrast to the general complexion of the village.

Amid this group of lads, however, I soon recognised one, who, seemingly either unable or unwilling to join in the laugh, or retort the good-humored jest, stood apart from his comrades; with the lingering look and reluctant demeanor of one whose heart was on a spot, from which, at the same time, he ever and anon testified impatience to escape, by pulling his companions by the arm, and more than once going down to the harbor to ascertain how

soon the boat might be got afloat. This being still out of the question, he sat down on a rock at some distance, and seemed lost in meditations of no very pleasing character. There was something in his moody and unsocial deportment, which, coupled with his fine manly person, and evident youth, interested me, I knew not why; and I might have stood longer observing them, had I not seen Mr. Menteith at the other end of the Quay—and hastened to join him. He almost looked as if he could have dispensed with my company, but merely apologizing for the inevitable hurry of such a day, he allowed me to walk by his side, till we came to a small house of mean appearance in a by-lane, one of the very few whose door on this day of privileged intercourse was carefully closed—while no sound from within indicated the presence of inhabitants.

Giving me a sign not to follow him, the good pastor gently lifted the latch, and I was soon made sensible by suppressed moanings, of the participation, "not loud but deep," of some inmate in the general desolation. Feeling and propriety alike prohibited my listening to an apparently agonizing colloquy—during which the stifled groans gave place to a burst of hysterical emotion—but I could not avoid hearing the minister say, on leaving the room—"Marion, pray to God to bless my endeavors. It is little I can do for you—but the hearts of all are in His hand!"

Again hastily pressing my hand, and hurrying past me, I saw the worthy pastor walk rapidly towards the spot I had lately occupied, and, connecting involuntarily his present haste with the young sailor I had left sitting in gloomy abstraction on the rocks, I resumed the position from whence I had first descried him, and had a full view of the dumb show of a scene, on which I had no right farther to intrude.

The communication, whatever it might be, which the minister was about to make, was evidently more unwelcome than unexpected; for the

youth, instead of rising, as under other circumstances he would have done, on his pastor's approach, sat doggedly still, with his face averted, and his wallet between his knees, in the attitude of one who may be lectured, but cannot be convinced. Nay, the hand, which in the course of his pastoral admonition the mild man laid on his young parishioner's shoulder, I could see indignantly shaken off by an uncourteous gesture of his refractory hearer.

I gathered—though the youth by degrees assumed a more respectful attitude—from the whole air of my worthy friend's figure, that he was an unsuccessful pleader. It was soon put beyond a doubt, by the melancholy shake of the head and disconsolate step with which he at length turned away from the inexorable culprit.

I was on the point of moving, to join and condole with him, when I saw the lad suddenly start up, and run after the minister—appearing by the respectful touch of the hat, which replaced his late rude deportment—to solicit in his turn a renewal of the conference. It was instantly, and with true Christian benignity, accorded—and here again sounds would have been superfluous to convey to me the tenor of the conversation. I saw that the proud heart of the young man was fairly melted—that the figures he still drew with his stick in the sand, were the result of awkwardness and absence, not of sullenness and incivility. The whole air of proud defiance in his form, gave place to submission and even humility—and when the pastor's hand was kindly stretched out to his penitent disciple, I knew as well how it all was, as if I had been an impannelled juror on the case.

As the minister began to ascend from the beach to the height I stood on, I saw the lad hang back a little, and seem to stipulate somewhat, though timidly and with hesitation. The pastor nodded assent, and outstripping his now tardy companion, came up to me and said, with a benign smile,—“If you are disposed to punish me

for treating you so cavalierly, you have a fair opportunity, for I am about to trespass on your good nature for a favor.”—“Which I am quite disposed to punish you by granting, according to your own mode of retaliating injuries,” said I, with a cordial shake of the hand, which was warmly returned.—“You must know,” said the good man, “that I have been making up a marriage since I left you, and as for good reasons the young bridegroom desires present secrecy, I wish you to be a witness, along with the bride's mother, without taking any of the village gossips into our counsel. You will not grudge having a hand in averting from a very bonnie, but very simple lassie, a broken promise and a broken heart; and William, as I have been telling him, will keep his watch all the heartier, and sleep all the sounder, that he has no betrayed maiden to haunt his waking or sleeping dreams. There's little time to lose—the tide is making fast. I'll step forward and prepare the bride.—There will be joy in her heart, though, on many accounts, it will be a tearful bridal.”

I looked round when Mr. Menteith had left me for the bridegroom, but found he had taken a circuitous route to his intended's dwelling, lest his being seen there with the minister should give rise to surmises which, as the son of austere and avaricious parents in a neighboring farm, he was anxious to avert, till his return from a successful fishing might render him comparatively independent.

I arrived, consequently, before him at the cottage, whence I had so lately heard issuing sounds of hopeless and seemingly inconsolable affliction.—The same gentle voice was weeping still—But, oh! how different are tears of joyful emotion and sanctified penitence, from the bitter overflowings of a broken, yet *not* contrite heart! I knocked—a decent subdued-looking matron opened the door, and bade me welcome. A beautiful girl, apparently scarce seventeen, stood twisting her apron before the minister, and, on my

entrance, covered her face with both her hands, through which tears trickled down upon the old deal table.—“Marion!” said the minister, “compose yourself, and lift your heart to Him, in whose presence you are so soon to exchange a solemn vow.” She looked up, dried her eyes, and showed a countenance, lovely even in tears, when the door hastily opened, and she again buried her face in her hands.

The young man came up to her with the same firmness of manner which had characterised his whole deportment. He took her hand with gentle kindness, kissed off the tears that flowed faster than ever, and then said, with a gravity far beyond his years,—“Marion! ye’ll hae time enough to greet when I’m far far awa!—and need we baith hae to repent our sin and folly. But we are here now to thank God and his minister for bringing me to a better mind, and sparing you a sair heart. Ye’ll be able now to think o’ me living wi’ peace and comfort; and if I never come hame, there’s nane can forbid ye to put on a black gown for me. If trouble comes, and ye get unkindness from folk o’ mine, the minister ’ll no see ye wranged. But oh! be canny wi’ my puir mother, for she’s had her trials sair and mony, and downa bide to be contrained in her auld days.”

“I give you joy, Marion!” said the pastor, benignly; “a good son can never prove an unkind husband. But time wears, and I must join you for eternity!” The word, thus seasonably uttered, poured its heavenly unction on the waves of human passion. In silence and composure was a simple rite performed—the friendly greeting proffered—the pastoral and maternal benediction given—and the mute, long, desperate farewell embrace exchanged! I glided out ere yet its hallowed clasp was loosed, and sought relief to my feelings on the busy shore, now crowded with the fast-departing mariners.

The prominent figures in the group were honest Sandie Nicol, his stout-

hearted wife, and a tall, slender, modest looking daughter, alike employed in ministering to his parting comforts. I heard him say, in one of his stentorian whispers, casting a long look of parental fondness after his girl, who had been sent to fetch something forgotten,—“I maun see Jeanie blyther and fatter ere I come hame. I doubt that sutor callant’s near her silly heart—And what for no? It isna every man can hae the luck to be a sailor; and your ain landward wabster body o’ a father, thought as little o’ me for gawn sticking whales, as I do o’ Jock for sitting boring holes in leather. It’s Jeanie’s ain affair, and if she likes rather to bind shoes than bait lines, she maun just please hersell, silly taupy. Sae dinna hinder her, but mind how ye dwined aff the face o’ the earth yersell lang syne, for me!”

The idea of the portly rubicund gudewife pining for thwarted love, was irresistibly ludicrous, and the good-humored smile it called forth on her jolly countenance, augured well for Jeanie’s hopes. She tied her father’s Barcelona with a tearful eye, but lightened heart. All now was serious haste and joyous bustle among the crew. The sails flapped somewhat idly, as if reluctant to accelerate their motions; and it was exhilarating to behold the fine athletic fellows, most of them scarce arrived at manhood, doffing at once hats, handkerchiefs, and jackets, and bracing each muscle for a hardy rowing match. Last, but not least active or conspicuous, leaped in the young bridegroom; no longer weighed down by misconduct and remorse, but so unlike his former self, as to be hardly recognised. His eye no longer sought the ground—and in the deafening cheer that marked their pushing off, I heard his voice triumphant.

I might have caught the buoyant spirit of the hour, and seen the boat recede with kindred lightness of heart—but in the stern a fiddler had been stationed to cheer the tedious passage. I thought of Willie Lonie’s shivered

strings, and his wife's saddened hearth, and my eye, like hers, when gazing on her dying husband's vessel, grew dim with natural tears !

The minister and I were returning slowly from the beach, with the feelings of those who have looked, perhaps for the last time, on a band of fearless human beings, courting, under the strong excitement of enterprise, certain hardship and probable peril, when a striking contrast to the bustle and spirit of their departure presented itself, in the languid movements and desponding air of a solitary individual who, with a spyglass, had been watching them from a height, and whose retiring footsteps I could not help following with my eye. There was something about this "ancient mariner," for thus, though hardly past middle age, I could scarce forbear to designate him, which spoke him subdued more by sorrow than years. I felt assured that he had a history, and read somewhat of its sad character in a gait that had lost its elasticity, and a homeward walk that had seemingly little either of hope or purpose to animate it.

I perceived just then the rising chimneys of a little recently built marine abode, which an irregularity in the cliffs had till now concealed, and begged to hear from Mr. Menteith some account of its inhabitant.

"There is a good deal of romance," said the worthy man, sighing, "in the story of that same humble seafaring man, whom I remember the gayest and most reckless among my playmates at the village school, and whose buoyant spirit would probably have risen above calamity in any of its ordinary and less appalling forms.

"Adam Wilson, like nine-tenths of our boys, would be nothing but a sailor; and courage and the blessing of Providence made him a skilful and a prosperous one. He soon rose to be mate of a trader to Holland, and in one of his trips to its northern provinces, he saw and loved the daughter of a wealthy skipper, whose dowry was in reality, as well as in honest Ad-

am's eyes, the least of her attractions.

"Her father, however, rated it at its marketable value; and having matches of at least equal solidity in his power, was disposed to let the poor sailor's pretensions kick the beam. Annchen's favorable disposition, however, had its weight, even with her grasping father, and he at length promised (not foreseeing much chance of being called on) to give his consent, whenever Adam should have made the certain number of rix dollars, which was the lowest price of his daughter's hand.

"This was not to be done in the northern hemisphere, at least not within any time lovers could bear to look forward to, so Adam thought himself the luckiest of men, when the captain of a Dutch East Indiaman offered him a third mate's berth, with room in his Patagonian vessel for a lucrative investment. God alone (to whom the blind elation of many a confiding human heart must be matter of deep commiseration) knows how infallible this opportune proposal seemed for completing the already exquisite happiness of the lovers. The Scotsman forgot his caution—the Dutch maiden her composure—in fond, undoubting, joyous anticipations of the future. Any misgivings they had, were of the safe return of the 'Vrouw Margarita,' from her distant voyage—but even these were quickly banished. 'God willing, I shall come home to you,' said Adam. 'I feel that you will,' replied Annchen.

"Return he did, poor fellow! rich beyond his hopes, beyond his very father-in-law's ambition. The vessel, deep-laden and becalmed, lay off the beloved coast, from which for more than a year its crew had met no tidings. Adam's impatience grew unbearable. His captain's Dutch immobility yielded to the energy of passion, and he let Adam have a boat and a couple of rowers, to make a run to V— and inquire for Annchen.

"It was spring 1824 when this happened, and Adam and his comrades,

on nearing V—, wondered that the face of the country seemed unaccountably altered. In vain they looked along the flat horizon for the well-known windmills—the little cove with its beacon had disappeared—the waters seemed to stretch far beyond their usual limits. They touched land at length, though not exactly certain where, so bewildering were the changes in the aspect of the scene. They sprang ashore, and seeing from a sand-hill the church tower of V—, on it they steered their anxious course—but over what? Not as three years before, across fertile meadows, enlivened by herds of cows, and sprinkled with neat smiling villas—a sedgy lake occupied the site of the flourishing village, and the gay, cheerful *Lusthaus* of Annchen's father was swept by encroaching billows off the face of her native earth!

"Adam looked on the desolation before him, and with an instinct no longer fallacious, felt that he need ask no more. 'Take me away,' he said to his sad comrades, 'this is no place for me!' He heard men tell, scarce moved, of raging floods that burst their barriers, and swept all before them,—of hundreds, young and old, engulfed by the invading waters. 'I knew she was dead!' was all the commentary his stunned soul could utter, and in a merciful oblivion of some months, even that sad truth seems to have been entombed.

"For when these had elapsed, Adam, composed, collected, though the grief-worn shadow you behold him—returned to his native place—shunning familiar intercourse as much as in his happier days he eschewed it. To me alone he imparted, not his sorrows—for these could find no vent in words—but his purposes. He brought me a plan, traced by memory with painful fidelity, from the dwelling of his beloved, and asked me, with all the calmness of perfect sanity, to recommend him an honest builder, and save him the harassing details of the previous contract. The superintendence would, he told me, (with the first

quick glance that betrayed the latent aberration,) be the business and solace of his life—for, in a confidential whisper, he added, 'It is for Annchen—her own house is gone, they tell me—and I have promised to build her one just like it. When it is finished, she will come and live in it with me!'

"I looked up in the pale, mild countenance of poor Adam; and, as the delusive smile of baseless hope played over it, felt that to detain it there, if possible, was all that charity could dictate, or good will accomplish. I set about his building, therefore, with all the real tardiness such a purpose implied, yet with sufficient apparent energy to keep the hope on which he subsisted alive. One summer passed in selecting a site, and planting a garden, adorned, as you will see, at no small cost, with the choice flowers of Annchen's native land. No tulip-fancier of the olden time ever more cheerfully gave its weight in gold for a new species, than poor Adam for a favorite sort of hers, who he fancied will one day come and recognise it.

"The house at length, with all our delays, would rise! Spite of contrary winds and dilatory captains, the red bricks came from England—the Dutch tiles and earthen stoves from Rotterdam. The dairy was duly stocked with shining brazen vessels—the kitchen shelves with all the wares of Delft. Alas! no Annchen came to claim these kindred treasures! No! not even when Adam, with affecting solicitude, added to them a piping bulfinch, taught by himself to sing the very notes of her favorite air,—nay, the identical parrot she fondly bade him bring her from the Indian seas—which, spurned from his presence in the first bitterness of his grief, he had since traced back with incredible trouble, and purchased, for what the owner chose to demand!

"Alas! love can devise no more—and Annchen still delays—but Adam, persuaded it is the winds and waves that are alone in fault—watches their every variation with unwearied solicitude. His spy-glass in his hand,

he follows from day-light till dark each sail that appears on the horizon, and with hope deferred, but unextinguished, resumes his task again at dawn."

As the minister finished this sentence, we were drawing near the cottage, of which I now had a full view—its gay parterres, and florid cheerful exterior, so mournfully contrasted with the solitude, bereavement, and alienation within.

A hasty step aroused us, while lean-

ing on the garden rail—and the sad occupant (whom we had lost sight of in a hollow, and supposed before us) suddenly came up. "A fine night, Adam," said the worthy minister, in his most sympathetic accent. "A fine night, Dominie!" replied the widowed one—(using unconsciously the Dutch familiar term for pastor)—and, with a smile that made my very heart ache,—“A fine fair wind for Annchen; she will be here to-morrow!”

THE LYRE'S COMPLAINT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"A large lyre hung in an opening of the rock, and gave its melancholy music to the wind. But no human being was to be seen."—*Salathiel.*

A DEEP-TONED lyre hung murmuring

To the wild wind of the sea;—

"O melancholy wind," it sigh'd,

"What would thy breath with me?

"Thou canst not wake the spirit

That in me slumbering lies;

Thou strik'st not forth th' electric fire

Of buried melodies.

"Wind of the lone dark waters!

Thou dost but sweep my strings

Into wild gusts of mournfulness

With the rushing of thy wings.

"But the gift, the spell, the lightning,

Within my frame conceal'd—

Must I moulder on the rock away,

With their triumphs unreveal'd?

"I have power, high power, for Freedom

To wake the burning soul;

I have sounds that through the ancient hills

Like a torrent's voice might roll:

"I have pealing notes of Victory,

That might welcome kings for war;

I have rich deep tones to send the wail

For a Hero's death afar:

"I have chords to lift the Pean

From the Temple to the sky,

Full as the forest-unions,

When sweeping winds are high.

"And Love—for Love's lone sorrow

I have music that might swell

Through the summer-air with the rose's

breath,

Or the violet's faint farewell.

"Soft—spiritual—mournful—

Sighs in each note enshrined;—

But who shall call that sweetness forth?

Thou canst not, Ocean-wind!

"No kindling heart gives echoes

To the passion of my strain;

I perish with my wasted gifts,

Vain is that dower—all vain!

"I pass without my glory,

Forgotten I decay—

Where is the touch to give me life?

—Wild fitful wind, away!"

So sigh'd the broken music,

That in gladness had no part;—

—How like art thou, neglected lyre!

To many a human heart!

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, STATESMEN, &c.

No. II.—MR. SHIEL.

WHATEVER nature may have done for the mind of Mr. Shiel, she has given him few of the external qualifications of an orator. He is a man of diminutive size, with dark and uninviting

countenance; but the sombre hue of his face is enlivened by an eye of fire. His voice is weak and slender, and totally incapable of sounding the high notes of passion, or the deep bass tones

of earnest vehemence. It has been disciplined and cultivated with the greatest care, but will probably never be of that order which can rivet the attention and still the breathing of a crowded assembly. In a small room, or in presence of the Association, where every flash of fancy is welcomed with an applauding cheer, Mr. Shiel gets on well. But when cast among a large and discordant audience, when the passions of the orator should be roused, and the full measure of his powers put forth,—when a look or a tone should silence murmurs and fix every eye,—he sometimes loses self-command, and breaks into a violent and disagreeable scream. Beside his more fortunate fellow actor, Mr. O'Connell, he appears to little advantage. The "great leader" is a tall muscular man, with shoulders as broad as the burden which he has to bear. There is always some ore in the most common-place of his speeches—some touch of feeling that proves him in earnest, and compensates for a multitude of sins. His manner and himself he seems equally to forget: he wishes to pour all his information upon his subject, and to persuade. Mr. Shiel, with his saturnine visage and flashing eye, insensibly reminds one of an angry spaniel rushing to the attack in company with a noble mastiff. He strains after displays, of which he is incapable; he wishes to be strong, and works himself into a passion—vigorous, and he becomes boisterous. He cannot make so much noise as his companion; but he barks more wickedly—and woe to the unfortunate passenger on whose heels he fastens. If his teeth be small, they are at least sharp, and freely enough applied. One would sooner, however, think of striking him over the ribs with an umbrella, than of grappling him by the neck, and straining every sinew to fling him down. We do not mean to undervalue his powers, or to hang him on the cross of ridicule; we acknowledge his abilities with cheerfulness, but think them overrated by himself and his admirers. Display is the soul of his oratory, the

pivot on which all his movements turn. His words are selected with care, and marshalled in imposing array; every resource of rhetorical artifice is employed to produce effect;—but still Mr. Shiel is the prominent figure in the group. He labors to strike and to dazzle—to create a sensation, and be admired. In the highest pitch of excitement, when rising to the summit of his climax—even when trembling on the brink of his beloved *aposiopesis*—he remembers that the reporter for the *Weekly Register* is by his side, and that his speech will appear in the next day's newspaper. Hence there is an appearance of want of feeling—a palpableness of artificial passion and studied rhetoric—which mar the real effect of talents that would otherwise be powerful:—for talents he undoubtedly possesses, and of a high order. He has a clear head and strong fancy, and wonderful command of rich and splendid language. He argues with force and judgment; and though not gifted with much of what is correctly termed imagination, he sprinkles over his speeches abundance of gaudy and glittering ornaments. To his figures we must apply our former observation: they are flashy, and wrought up with great ingenuity and care; but they are all French figures, more ornamental than useful, the offspring of industry rather than genius in the hour of excitement. He allows his fancy to roam too much abroad; it is with him a principal instead of a subsidiary faculty, and is not sufficiently curbed by a correct or polished taste. He seems to be a tolerable classical scholar, and is doubtless indebted for much of his power of language to his acquaintance with the masters of the literary arena. But he has not gone far enough; he has not chastened his mind by the contemplation of the simple grandeur and pure majesty of ancient authors. The gorgeous magnificence of Asia is dearer to him than the austerity of the Roman senate, or the republican orators of the Athenian forum. He has not followed the advice of

the poet about the "exemplaria Græca."

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

His quotations are numerous and appropriate; but facility in quoting is scanty proof of classical learning. The man who devotes himself in honest earnestness to the cultivation of an intimacy with the great and gifted of other days—who has a heart to seek, and a mind to appreciate their friendship—who can think with their thoughts, and feel as they felt—who will not deem the hour misspent when his fancy lingers amidst the breathless listeners of the forum, or hovers round the Academic retreat of poetry and wisdom—who will not stay to watch the running sand, when he holds beneath his eye the page which genius has filled, and time hallowed—such a man will betray the employment of his leisure hours by tokens widely different. It will flow in the stream of his language, and smooth without weakening the current of his eloquence. It will show itself in his taste and judgment, and forbid the flight of fancy to sink into coldness and bombast. It will check the wandering tongue, and pour the rushing stream with more rapid force along its natural channel. Original power, indeed, this learning cannot confer; without considerable power it cannot be even acquired—but it will sharpen and improve. The iron is ground in vain upon the stone to which the steel owes its polished edge. And whilst it enables us to feel and value the merits of contemporary writers, it will prevent the danger of being misled by those false meteors "whose light but leads astray."

In these remarks upon the value of ancient literature, we mean of course to embrace the luminaries who have flung the radiance of their genius over the domains of our native language. To undervalue them would betray an absurdity of taste, as gross as that which unfortunately prompts the ignorant of the present day to decry the importance of knowledge which they do not comprehend. We advocate

neither the theoretical antiquarian, nor the servile copyist who can sacrifice his individual endearments on the shrine of the ancient giants. We have simply shown our reasons for dissenting from what we consider an unfortunate prejudice, which has probably had more effect than is generally supposed in causing the mediocrity so perceptible in most of our modern writers.

We have, however, wandered so far from the ambitious little gentleman of whom we were speaking, that we must borrow a little of his own abruptness, and get back as best we may. The change in policy which now seems likely to be adopted will soon reduce Mr. Shiel from the eminence on which he stands. If he were once seated in the House of Commons, his inflated style and theatrical arts would be feeble aids in buoying him up, or keeping his name afloat on the tide of popular favor. The breath of party has raised him; he has been an indefatigable champion of a body which sent from its own ranks few who could take a leading part in public and passionate discussions. Called into consequence by the Association, he has endeavored to gain distinction by a forwardness in violence which O'Connell feels to be unnecessary. Mr. Shiel is always struggling for the mastery; and perhaps the very consciousness of his own deficiencies hurries him beyond the limits of moderation. He would be a disagreeable antagonist for a friendly match at the foils. But he should remember that bitterness is not strength; neither can ribaldry pass by the name of sarcasm. He is the author of several tragedies, which have been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets sooner than might have been anticipated. There were many of the scenes far from deficient in force and pathos; and the language rolled on in a stream of magnificence, well suited for the purposes of declamation. They are less disfigured by bombast than most of his speeches, and are, on the whole, very favorable specimens of his abilities.

Yet they are not of that class which we would place under our pillow, or sit eagerly down to peruse for the second time. We remember the manager of a country theatre complaining that the whole rage of fashion was for comedies and farces, and that people seemed to have lost all taste for the tragedies of Shakspeare and Otway and Shiel—that is, as was sarcastically remarked on the occasion, Otus, Ephialtes, and Tom Thumb!

When the committees of Parliament were examining witnesses on the state of Ireland, Mr. Peel pressed the poor poet very hard about an anecdote which he had related in one of his speeches to the Association, accusing the Irish government of an action at once dishonorable and impolitic: Mr. Shiel was compelled to confess that he had sacrificed the truth for the sake of "rhetorical effect." It will readily be presumed that he returned home not much prejudiced in favor of the minister. When he next addressed the Association, he thus alluded to an attack made on him in the House of Commons. "The sarcasms of the Home Secretary were not wholly unprovoked; for I had ventured to intimate that his language was bald, his reasoning disingenuous, his manner

pragmatical and overweening; and that to his opinions more than to his talents he was indebted for his elevation. Mr. Peel retorted—he spoke of *fustian*, and I talked of *calico*: he touched on *Covent Garden*, and I referred to *Manchester*: he alluded to '*Evadne*,' and I glanced at *spinning-jennies*." There is a good deal of point in this. "*Evadne*" is one of Mr. Shiel's deceased tragedies: it is unnecessary to explain the allusions to the Right Hon. Secretary.

We have now done with Messrs. O'Connell and Shiel. The only other speaker in the Association who deserves notice is Mr. Lawless. He is a good declaimer, possesses much fluency, and delivers himself with considerable animation. He is perfectly at home when addressing an assembly of the forty-shilling freeholders, with whom he is a great favorite. But his influence in the Association is rather small; for he wants prudence in steering his course. When O'Connell and Shiel are in a rage, Mr. Lawless is downright mad. Hence, in all his disputes with the leader, he has been uniformly worsted, even when he had common sense on his side. It is not, however, necessary to pursue this subject farther.

MONTECO.—AN ITALIAN STORY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.*

IN the mean time Monteco descended the winding staircase, till it brought him upon a level with the surface of the canal. He then moved forward rapidly through the labyrinth of vaults which supported his palace. After opening more than one iron gate, which cut off all communication with the neighborhood of her prison, various passages of great length, and all in complete darkness, except where the lamp he held illumined them, conducted him, at last, within sight of a low and massy door. A narrow slit above enabled a tall man, by

reaching upwards, to drop into the prison whatever was not too large to pass the orifice; and it was thus that the provisions of the miserable captive were daily introduced. As Monteco drew near, he heard his daughter singing, with feeble and lingering notes. He heard her, however, but for an instant. So soon as he had gained that point at which the light could pierce the loop-hole, so as to inform the prisoner that some one was approaching, the song ended in a groan. Even Monteco paused for a moment at the door, and his hand mov-

* See page 49.

ed slowly to unfasten the bar which confined it. He entered the dungeon, but the maiden was not there. She had passed from its outer to its inner division, and was kneeling before a rude stone figure of the Virgin, which stood in a corner of the cell. This image had become very dear and holy to her, as the only symbol of comfort contained in her narrow dwelling. A small grated window, in this division of the prison, threw for a few hours of the day a faint beam upon the form of the Madonna. She had so long ceased to hope, that she did not even look round when she heard the grating of the door; and when she recognised her father's footsteps, she pressed closer to the wall, and buried her head in her hands.

"What," said Monteco, "you will not deign to look upon me?"

The complying girl turned her head for an instant; but, dazzled with the light, and terrified at her father's presence, again averted her face. That glance startled her parent, and he was silent, till, recovering herself with an effort, she leaned against the wall, looked at him, and endeavored to stand up; but she was too feeble, and she fell with her face upon the stones. Monteco lifted her with one strong grasp, and seated her on a stone bench, built into the wall close to where he stood. She regained her senses in few seconds, and her gaze wandered round the dungeon, till at last she fixed her eyes upon his face, when she sank slowly upon her knees, and, clinging to his cloak, shrieked with all the strength of her faint voice, "O! Father, Father, save me." He again raised her; but he this time continued to support the form which trembled so violently as almost to escape from his hand. He watched her shrunk and pallid face, while he said, "Foolish and disobedient girl, for that purpose I am come hither. I have visited thee only that I *may* save thee from those consequences of thy own madness, which, if it continue, must as inevitably follow as the blood flows from a wound."

"A wound—a wound—oh, that you would bestow upon me a mortal one!"

"This is trifling. Do as I command; and you shall have freedom, wealth, honor, and pleasure. Disobey me, and this cell shall remain your dungeon till it becomes your tomb."

"I have often prayed to God that it were so already."

"Yes; I doubt not you would willingly escape from performing your filial duties, by escaping at the same time from life. But mark me—what will be your doom hereafter if you die without the rites of the church?"

"Oh God!" said the terrified girl, "will you permit him to kill both soul and body?"

Monteco replied, without hesitation, though with something of a subdued sneer, "God himself hath commanded you to honor your father. Think you he will fail to punish your rebellion?"

"Alas! Alas! what shall I do, holy Mother!" she proceeded, looking at the image of the Virgin, "save me from sin!"

"Nothing can save you from sin, and from misery, unless you marry Marco Soradino."

"Never," she replied, while her father hastily grasped at his dagger, and she fell for the third time to the ground. But he returned the half-drawn weapon to its sheath, and listened to her while she said, "Father you may do with me what you will. The blow that would at one destroy—but for that I may not hope;—the rack that would crush my limbs, the imprisonment from the very air of heaven, which will achieve what it has already half accomplished, the overthrow of my reason—any thing that you will you may subject me to, for you *can*; and not on me be the responsibility: but in wedding the wretch Soradino, I should bring down guilt and pollution on my own soul. I should swear love, where there is abhorrence; respect, where there is disgust; fidelity to one whose touch would be contamination; and obedience to him whose every word and thought is evil.

Your cruelty has denied me light and motion, and almost breath, and debarred me from communion with my kind, till my own words sound strange in my ears, and I scarce know what are my own thoughts; but I have one feeling as strong as on the day I was shut into this prison—it is loathing for the name of Soradino. He shall never have my hand till it is that of a maniac or a corpse."

"Now, by heaven, by the memory of my sires, that malignant spirit shall be broken. The Roman Father had the power of life and death over his children: and for them the Turk hath still the narrow rack, and the deep sea. If there be privations that can wear, or torments that can crush obstinacy, thou shalt wed the man I have chosen."

He turned to leave the dungeon; and his departing form was clearly defined to the eyes of his daughter by its interception of the light of the lamp he carried,—a mournful emblem of that paternal interference which deprived her life of all its natural illumination. He was stooping under the low portal, when she threw herself towards him with all her remaining energy, and exclaimed—"O! my father, I have sinned against heaven."—He turned his head, and interrupted her—"Will you then at last return to your obedience? Do you perceive the necessity as well as the duty of wedding the bridegroom I have chosen?"

"Hear me," she cried in accents of piercing yet broken supplication, "hear me before you again depart. A prisoner who never sees the sun has little means or inclination to keep count of time; yet if I remember right, it must now be nearly four months since I last saw you. Why, when God was perhaps prompting you to relent, and to depart from the commission of this great wrong, why did some evil spirit put into my heart to answer you, my father, with words of defiance and almost of scorn. Rather I will implore you, by the faith of Christ, and by the memory of my mother, to abstain from urging me into this hateful prostitution.

I have been told, that my birth cost my mother her life. Oh! if she were now living, how would her unstained conscience and matron purity have been outraged by the attempt to force her only child into the arms of a ruffian and a debauchee. Nay, must you not believe that at this moment her holy spirit can see through the gloom of this dungeon, and pierce into the recesses of that heart which was a sworn offering to her, but which you have hardened against her daughter with plates of steel, as if you dreaded that I would raise my feeble hand against your life."

Monteco did not attempt to interrupt her; but nearly the only touch of human feeling which he displayed during the whole of this agonizing interview, was the almost unconscious action by which he drew his cloak over his breast so as to hide the cuirass. For he had thought it necessary to place a mantle on his shoulders when entering, but for a quarter of an hour, the vaults in which his child had been imprisoned for a year.

Isabel went on with an impassioned and almost frenzied vehemence, to which her physical strength but ill responded: "Alas! when as an infant I climbed your knees," and again she embraced his knees as she spoke, "when you seemed almost pleased that my little hands should play with your chains of honor, and well-won badges, if some wizard had predicted to you that while yet scarce more than a child, I should be grovelling at your feet on the floor of a dungeon, to entreat with a voice worn and hoarse, by many months of sighs and lamentations, for the enjoyment of the common air, for the preservation of my life, for that choice in the bestowal of my person, which is granted to the poorest fisherman's daughter in Venice, to the rudest herdsman of the mountains,—if this had been foretold you when I was an infant by your side,—would you not have obtained from the Tribunals, that the lying prophet should be scourged and branded for defaming a noble of the Republic?"

Monteco now broke in with that cold, yet wrathful tone, which is of all the best fitted, when uttered by the stronger party, at once to silence complaint, and defy remonstrance.

"Fool!" said he, "how long shall this raving last?"

"Nay speak to me not, my Father," replied the maiden, "in that fierce and bitter accent. O! will you not relent for an instant, and give me but one glance of the earth and the heaven, and that dear balcony with all my flowers, where I used to sit with Lorenzo, and watch for the return of your gondola from the council? Grant me to see my poor brother but an hour, and indeed, indeed, Father, I will not ask for more. It is very hard for me to die so young in the darkness and damp of this prison. I used to be so happy when you let me run as I pleased, from my chamber into the shade of the veranda, and again to my lute and my embroidery. But since I have been shut up here, my heart has grown cold, and my brain has learned to whirl round from week to week, giddy, and sick, and weary, and burning." She raised herself feebly from her knees, and half ventured to embrace him, and to approach her face to his, while she sobbed out, "can you not see, dear, dear Father, how my poor cheeks are shrunk in? and I am sure they must be as withered as dead rose-leaves. But unless you are kind to your poor Isabel, I shall never see a rose again."

The father did not attempt to return her caress; he stood firm as a granite column, while he said with a calm and determined utterance—

"Isabel, it is for you to yield, and not for me. You shall see the sun rise this morning over the Adriatic, on the one condition, that you wed Mark Soradino." Her eyes closed before he spoke the detested name, and while he pronounced it, she fainted, and fell backwards. He made no attempt to support her; but withdrew and left her in complete darkness. He then carefully and deliberately fastened the door, and regained his chamber.

Monteco found Pietro on his post.

He did not say one word to his attendant of the result of his visit; but, accomplished dissembler as he was, his confident readily perceived some unwonted perturbation of the lip, and some additional compression of the brows. The Noble merely said: "Take care of the door, and dispose yourself as usual. I shall want no aid to-night in preparing for rest. Let me be awakened the moment any despatches arrive." So saying, he passed from the ante-chamber into the inner apartment; having locked the door which had admitted him to the vaults. For the hundredth time he unfolded the copy of the contract binding him to forfeit all his estates on the main land, provided his daughter did not wed Soradino before her sixteenth year. He read it word by word in hopes to find a flaw, or loop-hole, or defence of some kind. But his subtle brain was at fault; he returned the parchment to its case, and flung off his cloak. His mind was intensely and painfully sensitive with regard to every thread in those meshes of public and private policy, wherewith he had spent his life in surrounding himself. He was heated, disturbed, and anxious; and when he had hastily laid aside his coat of mail, and his weightier garments, he put on a silken wrapper, drank a large dose of a strong narcotic, and threw himself upon his couch, to obtain if possible those few hours of sleep which were necessary for enabling him to think with vigor and clearness of his present situation. Pietro, half-determined to revolt from his master, half-retained in awe of his predominant spirit, drew, as usual, a pallet across the door-way which opened between Monteco's chamber and the ante-room, and stretched himself upon it. Wine, fatigue, and watching were omnipotent, and he was speedily in a deep sleep. Meantime Sidney and Lorenzo had made their preparations; and at three in the morning they set out for the Monteco Palace. The night was fortunately dark. They made their boatman, whom they knew they could so far

trust, avoid both the main entrance, and a large arch at one corner of the building, opening on the water from the vaults, among which Isabel was confined. Within both of these entrances, as the Dwarf well knew, armed retainers of his father stood sentinels. He rowed them to the other corner which joined the canal; and Lorenzo gave a low whistle, after which, in a few seconds, a window near the top of the palace opened, and a rope ladder was let down. The nurse of Isabel had agreed to secure in this way the undiscovered return of her young master. They gave the gondolier his directions, and mounted singly and safely. They then traversed the vast silent palace till they reached the corridor, which led to the chamber of Monteco. The portraits of a long and illustrious line looked cold and motionless from the walls on their descendant. The pair stopped at some distance from the door of the ante-room, before a recess of some depth. In this Sidney was to conceal himself. "Wait my return," said Lorenzo, "for a quarter of an hour, unless in the mean time you should hear a noise in yonder apartments; in the latter case, or otherwise, at the end of the time appointed, make your escape as secretly as you can to the ladder by which we entered, and so depart. I fear in that case you will have to swim at least as far as to the spot where we are to find the gondola. I shall be able to give you no assistance, for if you do not see me before the time, and undiscovered, my doom is fixed." The young soldier stood in the recess so hidden, that a strong and general light would have been necessary to render him observable. He laid his hand upon his sword, and held his breath. Meantime Lorenzo went on his way to the door of the ante-room. He opened it with a pass key; and between him and his father's chamber Pietro lay, stretched upon his pallet, with a sword on his pillow, and a dagger in his hand. To pass him was impossible; and moreover the descent to the vaults was

through a pannel of that very chamber. If he continued to live, the fate of Isabel was certain. The Dwarf listened for a moment whether he could hear a stir in his father's bedroom; he then took from his pocket a small essence box, opened it, and knelt beside the sleeping ruffian, holding in one hand the lamp, so as to afford himself light, and not to shine on the eyes of the slumberer. With the other hand he held under the nostrils of Isabel's gaoler the little scent-box. It contained a sponge, saturated with some chemical preparation. But whatever may have been the composition of the liquid, its vapor had a speedy and powerful effect. The brow of the sleeper had been bent and menacing; his lips worked rapidly, his hands were clenched, and the blood coursed in the arteries of his temples, and his face was flushed and dark. The intent and noiseless Dwarf held the box with motionless fingers; and his slow quiet breathing, contracted eye-brows, and closed lips, marked his resolution, and his power of restraining his own eagerness. After he had remained in this posture for the space perhaps of three minutes, the forehead of the victim relaxed, his cheeks grew pale, the veins of his temples sank, and his mouth no longer moved. His whole form became languid and loose, instead of being gathered up and distorted; and the poinard dropped from his fingers, and would have fallen upon the floor, but that the wary boy set down the essence-box on the pallet, and caught the dagger as it fell. Perhaps to retain his own stiletto, perhaps for the mere convenience of using the weapon which he held in his hand, Pietro being now so completely in a swoon, as to make it certain that he would neither shriek nor groan under the death-blow, the Dwarf lifted the dagger with an untrembling arm and watchful eye,—but paused for a moment to listen and discover if Adrian Monteco were awake, when, being satisfied that he had distinguished the breathings of his sleeping pa-

rent, he lifted the weapon again, but not this time to arrest it in its descent. It came down straight, and steady, and flash-like, and was buried to the hilt in the heart of the retainer. The blood started from the wound, and covered the right hand of Lorenzo. But the sleeping bulk remained motionless and silent. And so the deed was done. The Dwarf well knew that Sidney would have been likely to scruple at, if not to resist such an action, and had concealed from him every thing, but the one fact, that he was about to attempt gaining possession of the keys of Isabel's dungeon. Before he proceeded to undertake the yet more hazardous part of the enterprise, he looked down for a moment with a smile of grim and resolved triumph on the corpse, which, a moment previously, had been a living soul; and then, as through all that had gone before, since he first began to act instead of meditating, he seemed changed from a weeping and despairing boy, into a firm, subtle, and venturesome man. He gently and fearfully drew aside the pallet with its burthen, sufficiently to enable him slightly to open the door of the chamber. He opened it at first but a hair's-breadth, and found that there was light within, which would prevent any danger of disturbing Monteco, by a sudden glare, and would make the use of a lamp unnecessary. He therefore laid down that which he carried; and stood for a considerable time listening to the breathing of his father. It was heavy and irregular, starting into ejaculations, and broken with mutterings. The Dwarf was satisfied that there was sufficient chance of success to justify him in attempting the enterprise. He entered the chamber through the narrow opening, which was all he had room to make, and looked around him. He never before had been in the apartment in which his father slept. He faltered for a moment. But there was sufficient before him to give him new courage; for on a small carved table, close to the bedside of his parent, were laid

a purse of gold, a small flask of wine, several written papers, and lastly, a bunch of keys. To these it was that the longings of Lorenzo were directed. The slumberer pronounced faintly, "Your dagger, your dagger! Beltramo, make no half-blows." The Dwarf started at hearing these recollections of secret and bloody deeds; but he immediately stepped forward with a stealthy pace, and had gained the middle of the chamber, when again he heard, in the hasty and imperfect accents of a dream, "Ah! all, all my lands,—Monte Rico, Pallici, Orana,—ah, they must all go. Had she not died in prison, by heaven, she should have wedded Soradino." But these fearful workings of the slumberer's menacing and ambitious spirit, only gave additional earnestness to the resolution of the boy, and before the sentence was accomplished, his hands were on the keys. He left a crimson mark upon the spot from which he lifted them, and the same red witness was visible in a line along the floor, where the drops had trickled down his fingers, to the oriental carpet. The slumberer was silent, and when he murmured again in his disturbed sleep, Lorenzo was too far to hear the sound. He slid through the narrow opening of the door, drew it gently after him, and then disposed the pallet and the corpse as much as possible after the manner in which they looked before he had done the slaughter. To avoid attracting Sidney's attention, he washed his hands of the blood in a vase of water, which was intended for the use of his father, and then, for the first time, found leisure to contemplate his prize, to clasp it to his breast, and hastily repeat a thanksgiving. But every moment made the awaking of Monteco more probable, and he hurried off to the young Englishman. He found him tranquil, watchful, and hitherto undisturbed by any noise. They entered the ante-chamber together, and the boy who held the lamp, so carried it as not to throw its rays upon the spot where lay the cold and gory car-

case. They readily discovered the key of the door which led to the staircase, and they soon accomplished the winding descent to the vaults. By day these were readily accessible through the archway which opened on the canal, and Lorenzo had frequently traversed them. Through a narrow break in the walls, which his small form had enabled him to penetrate, he had even been able to get beyond the places where the various iron gratings would have been interposed between him and the dungeon, and more than once had thus reached its door. But he had now the keys, which would open these obstructions. Before, however, they had reached the first of them, they found themselves in a spot from which several gloomy aisles, and vast chambers of shadow branched, while in one direction, after creeping silently round a pillar, behind which they had deposited their lamp, Lorenzo pointed out to Sidney a faint broad glimmer, through which a few points of light were seen to twinkle. "There," said the Dwarf in a whisper, "a sentinel is stationed. Through that passage we must reach our boat; and the first of our proceedings must be to master and gag him. I have told you how this can be done; we must now attempt it." A double range of low columns divided the vault, and they stole along the wall, and left the centre for the pacing of the soldier, for such he was by profession, though now in the service of Monteco. His measured, but careless tread, the clanging of his weapons against the stones, and the snatches of military songs, with which he amused his leisure, sounded from afar through the vault, and served to conceal the stealthy noise of their approach. They reached almost the end of the aisle, and felt the wind blow colder on their cheeks, while they placed themselves between two of the pillars. The soldier was wrapped in his cloak, and walked so rapidly up and down the outermost twenty yards of the vista, that he had passed and repassed them several

times before they had arrived in their slower progress at the point they had pitched upon. When they stood ready for the onset, their unconscious antagonist was at the farthest part of this walk from them; he turned, and came towards them, and when he was opposite their stations, and in the act of turning to measure back his footsteps, Sidney seized his arms behind, while Lorenzo flung a cloak over his head, and prevented him from shouting for help. They then forced the soldier to stretch his tall form upon the ground, and tied his hands, and more completely gagged his mouth; after which, they proceeded half to carry, half to drag him, into the interior of the vaults, where he would not be likely to be found, by those who would come to relieve him. Here, having selected a pillar, in which an iron chain was fixed, they bound the captive to it with many convolutions, and left him in solitude and darkness.

They again seized their lamp, and hastened on their way. The keys which Lorenzo had bought, at so bloody and fearful a price, opened the iron barriers; and they speedily reached the door of the cell. It, too, was readily unfastened by Sidney, for the trembling Lorenzo was too agitated to find the lock. The Dwarf rushed into the prison, shouting, "Isabel! my sister! I am here." There was no answer, and the boy began to look in horror towards his companion, and whispered, "O! heaven! has she perished?" Sidney, however, who had not entered the narrow apartment, heard a feeble moaning, and, on looking more closely, they found, stretched before the doorway, the miserable and half-lifeless girl. In his first eagerness, Lorenzo had sprung into the dungeon, over that which was almost the corpse of his sister. They lifted up her weak and trembling weight, and, for one instant, she opened her eyes, but shuddered, and again closed them, apparently, without having observed who they were who supported

her. The boy began to tear his hair, and almost sank to the earth, but Sidney pointed out to him, that the best chance of reviving the maiden would be afforded by bearing her to the open air,—a measure which would also facilitate their escape. The Englishman raised her in his arms, where she lay like a withered and trampled flower, and bore her through the dark chill vaults, and sounding passages, to the arch which they had before visited. He whistled slightly, and after his signal had been returned, a gondola shot rapidly to his side. By this time the fresh air had, in some degree, restored Isabel, who had not previously recovered from the mournful state in which she was left by her father. They lifted her from the vault into the gondola, which bore them to the residence of Sidney. They there found a larger boat, in which were several of the cavalier's attendants, splendidly appointed and armed. They conveyed their master, together with Lorenzo and Isabel, for a few miles beyond the harbor, and Sidney then accompanied them on board a swift-sailing vessel, which he had hired to carry them to Ravenna. The dawn began to open before they entered the ship, and, while they raised the lady up its side, the full light of the morning broke, and breathed around her in all its glory. A year before she had been as fresh and lovely as that day-spring. She was now wasted, and bent by suffering. The light of her large dark eyes was gone: her cheeks were pallid and lifeless; and through the loose coarse robe which encircled her, her once bounding and graceful limbs were seen to fall overworn and motionless. Her little hand was thin, and quivering with a convulsive tremor; and the blue but pulseless veins rose in ridges on its meagre whiteness. Her long black hair fell round her, as if it already encircled her with the shadow of death. She remained a long time in the cabin of the vessel, tended by a poor nun, who was going from Venice to a convent of her order, at Ra-

venna. At last she desired to be borne on deck; and she was seated on cushions on the poop, supported by Lorenzo. Sidney, from a little distance, contemplated this wreck of so much beauty and gladness. Amid all that her form and face recorded of past misery, and foretold of quick decay, he perceived the evident traces and relics of splendid loveliness. Every feature, though now writhed by long agony, and subdued almost to death, was framed in delicate and exquisite proportion; and it was easy to discern that those pale and shrunken lips were rather designed for the laugh of a glad heart, and the kisses of affection, than for breathing the dank noisomeness of a solitary dungeon. The maiden looked round her feebly at the bright smooth sea, and the blue sky, and bursting into tears, laid her head on the breast of Lorenzo as he knelt beside her. He kissed her eyes, and spoke to her in words of hope and consolation. But she answered, with a broken and hesitating voice, "nay, deceive not thyself, my brother, I shall not live to see the setting of yonder sun. But for the kindness and courage which rescued me from —, but for you, I should now have been a corpse. Yet I thank you with all my broken heart, that before I perish, I breathe the breath of heaven, and look upon the sky, and upon you, Lorenzo." Amid some recollected snatches of their childhood, amid many words and gestures of affection, and sighs of adoration, some solemn tears, and some dim smiles, she lived the last hours of her life. She died before the evening, and was buried in a small cemetery near the shore.

Monteco did not long survive her. He was assassinated by a young Greek, who had spent several years in seeking an opportunity to revenge upon him some terrible cruelty which long previously he had perpetrated or permitted, against the family of the murderer. The death of Isabel cancelled the contract with Soradino, and Lorenzo inherited the estates of his family; but he transferred them all to

a monastery of Benedictines, in which he himself assumed the cowl, on condition that he was permitted to build a cell, and live as a hermit in the bu-

rial-ground which held the dust of his sister. He, too, died in his youth, even before the day which robbed the world of Sir Philip Sidney.

COLD WINTER IS COMING.

Cold Winter is coming—take care of your toes—

Gay Zephyr has folded his fan;
His lances are couch'd in the ice-wind that blows,
So mail up as warm as you can.

Cold Winter is coming—he's ready to start
From his home on the mountains afar;
He is shrunken and pale—he looks froze to the heart,
And snow-wreaths embellish his car.

Cold Winter is coming—Hark! did ye not hear
The blast which his herald has blown?
The children of Nature all trembled in fear,
For to them is his power made known.

Cold Winter is coming—there breathes not a flower,
Though sometimes the day may pass fair!
The soft lute is removed from the lady's lorn bower,
Lest it coldly be touched by the air.

Cold Winter is coming—all stript are the groves,
The passage-bird hastens away;
To the lovely blue South, like the tourist, he roves,
And returns like the sunshine in May.

Cold Winter is coming—he'll breathe on the stream—

And the bane of his petrific breath
Will seal up the waters; till, in the moon-beam,
They lie stirless, as slumber or death!

Cold Winter is coming, and soon shall we see
On the panes, by that genius Jack Frost,
Fine drawings of mountain, stream, tower, and tree—
Framed and glazed too, without any cost.

Cold Winter is coming—ye delicate fair,
Take care when your hyson you sip:—
Drink it quick, and don't talk, lest he come unawares,
And turn it to ice on your lip.

Cold Winter is coming—I charge you again—
Muffle warm—of the tyrant beware—
He's so brave, that to strike the young hero he's fain—
He's so cold he'll not favor the fair.

Cold Winter is coming—I've said so before—
It seems I've not much else to say;
Yes, Winter is coming, and God help the poor!
I wish it was going away.

MR. COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS.*

We are rejoiced to see these volumes, the collected fruits of one of the most original minds in our time. Scattered, unappropriated, neglected, and out of print, as many of these poems have been, yet what an influence have they exercised! How many veins of fine gold has Coleridge, with all the profusion of genius, laid open for others to work! In these pages how many lines start up old familiar friends, met with in quotations we knew not whence! and how completely do they

bear the impress of the true poet!—thoughts whose truth is written in our own hearts; feelings that make us lay down the book to exclaim, "How often have I felt this myself!"—touches of description so exquisite, that henceforth we never see a green leaf or sunny spot, like to what they picture, without their springing to our lips; tenderness which, both in poet and reader, gushes forth in tears; and imagination whose world is built of the honey extracted even from the weeds

* The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge, including the Dramas of Wallenstein, Remorse, and Zepolya. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. W. Pickering.

of this.—Out on those who would melt down the golden strings of the poet's harp to be coined at the mint, and would cut up the ivory frame into tooth-brushes! Out on those who would banish Homer from their republic, declaiming against poetry as a vain and useless art! Is it nothing, in this harsh and jarring sphere of ours, to have our noblest impulses and kindest feelings called forth like fountains by the prophet? Is it nothing to have our selfishness counteracted by sympathy with others?—We appeal to these compositions; and if the reader does not rise from them, like their own marriage-guest, “a wiser and a sadder man,” he is, indeed, what such theories would make him—a machine, whose thoughts go by clock-work, and his actions by steam; and Coleridge is not so sure of his immortality as we had believed.

Yet even volumes like these are matters of regret: how much more might not, ought not, Coleridge to have done! His fine imagination has rioted in its own idleness; he has been content to think, or rather dream, so much of his life away:—too fanciful an architect, he has carved the marble, and planned the princely halls, but wandered continually away and left the palace in fragments, from which other artists may copy more finished works; and of which, like those from the Elgin Marbles, how few will equal the grace and beauty of the original! The first to break through the trammels of artificial versification, to deem nature in its simplicity meet study for the poet, Coleridge is the founder of our present noble and impassioned school of poetry: his spirit, like the fire which fertilises the soil it pervades, has impregnated the mind of most of our modern bards, “giving a truth and beauty of its own.”

We are now going to quote just a few fragments, just lines, stanzas, or but a single image, yet all of them bearing the stamp of everlasting fame, each and all of the finest poetry. Speaking of change produced in him by happy love—

“Even there, beneath that light-house tower
In the tumultuous evil hour,
Ere peace with Sara came;
Time was I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet,
And watch the storm-vexed flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit,
A sad gloom-pampered man to sit,
And listen to the roar:
When mountain surges bellowing deep
With an uncouth monster leap
Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
Some toiling tempest-shattered bark,
Her vain distress-guns hear;
And when a second sheet of light
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night,
To see no vessel there!

But fancy now more gaily sings;
Or if awhile she droop her wings,
As skylarks 'mid the corn,
On summer fields she grounds her breast:
The oblivious poppy o'er her nest
Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears that swell
The opened rose! from heaven they fell,
And with the sunbeam blend.
Blessed visitations from above,
Such are the tender woes of Love,
Fostering the heart they bend!”

“A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,

Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,

The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh, 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,

The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath.
While from the singing lark, (that sings unseen,

The minstrelsy that solitude loves best,)
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!”

Never in any fiction has nature so finely blended with the supernatural as in the *Ancient Mariner*: what a picture of desolation, relieved by a gleam of hope, is in this verse!—

"At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name."

How vivid the following:—

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Then how exquisite the way in which
the charm begins to break!—

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

Then this description of music:—

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.
It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Perhaps the supernatural was never
so depicted by a single touch as in
the ensuing:—

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming."

And his return!—

"Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see!
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbor bar,
And I with sobbs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep away."

Never did poet compress into single
lines more of strength and beauty:—

"the silence sank
Like music on my heart."

"Large tears that leave the lashes bright!"

"Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles."

"And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!"

But the following exquisite ballad
we must quote entire.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
And old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land !

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve,

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride :
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beautiful bride."

We shall insert but one other little piece, as a variety among our specimens ; a piece which well suits its playful title.

" Something childish, but very natural.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear !
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly :
I'm always with you in my sleep !
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I ?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids :
So I love to wake ere break of day ;
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on."

From the mode in which the foregoing is introduced, it is evident that whenever Coleridge condescends to trifle he is aware of the fact, which is not always the case with poets, many of whom esteem their poorest productions more than their most successful efforts. It is curious, however, to remark, that with this just sense of the pure ore and the dross, even Coleridge frequently falls into the errors of puerility and doggrel. But this is not a review of censure : it is of well-earned admiration.

And we may boldly ask, what can be added to a mosaic of poetical gems like these ? We have only one other observation to make, which is,—how much the force of his description is increased by the reiteration of images : for instance, how the repeated allusion to the lark in our second quotation impresses it on the imagination. This is a part of his art in which he is eminently happy.

We shall not at present attempt to analyse the magnificent translation of Wallenstein : we have done enough for our readers in the specimens we have given of three of the most exquisite poetical volumes in the English language.

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOLOGY, OR THE LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.*

ESSAY II.—THE DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS, AND THE POWERS BY WHICH THE OPERATIONS OF THE ORGANIC FRAME ARE CARRIED ON.

HAVING thus stated the *general results*, or *demonstrative characters*, of the vital principle, as manifested by organic bodies, we may proceed to examine the more *immediate powers* or *agents*, by which the living body is enabled to perform the various and multiform operations, necessary to its organic existence.—As it is to the animal system, however, that we purpose especially to direct our inquiries, it may be as well, for the sake of clearness, before entering on this branch of our subject, to offer a condensed sketch of the distinctions which separate the two great kingdoms of organic bodies,—namely, the *animal* and the *vegetable*. And here we may remark, that although, upon a cursory view, they may seem perfectly distinct and separate; yet, upon a more deliberate examination, the line of demarkation may not perhaps be so readily ascertained, as we were led at first to imagine; since it would appear that from the highest order of animals, to the plant, there may be traced a regular chain or series of gradations.—For instance: examine a plant; it will be found to consist of a multitude of tubes, capable of effecting a conversion in the nature of the fluids they absorb, and of propelling, also, those fluids onwards, as nutriment, through branches, leaves, and flowers, whence their freshness and their beauty are derived;—and although incapable of locomotion, the plant is enabled to obey the influence of warmth and air,—the buds unfold, and the leaves and flowers expand, and turn to meet the rays of the sun. In most cases, the plant is capable of being divided into *slips*, each slip having independently in itself every part and property equal to the parent stock, and producing flowers and seeds.

From the plant, let us next ad-

vance to the polypus, an animal as simple as the plant in organization, without volition, and forming one of the lowest links in the chain of animal existence. Here we find a tube composed of an homogeneous mass, capable of contracting and dilating,—or exerting itself by an involuntary power, in obedience to the action of external causes,—possessing, however, neither heart, nor vessels, nor distinct nerves;—fixed also, as the plant, while every part is endowed with complete vital independence; so that however divided, each portion becomes a new and perfect animal, capable again of re-division with the same effects.

Next to the polypus, are the worms,—a tribe unfurnished with a heart, but possessing sensibility, and considerable power of muscular motion;—capable, also, of reproduction by division, although not bearing it to so great an extent;—nor, indeed, is there so complete a vital independence of parts, as in the polypus.

Above these, again, rank the *crustaceous* tribes, including the *crab*, *lobster*, &c. In these, distinct muscles, nerves, and vessels, are discovered, and, although imperfect, a heart and brain;—they have, therefore, some degree of intelligence. With this more complete organization, they are consequently incapable of division into distinct animals, as the polypus or worm; nevertheless, however, they are endowed with the power of reproducing, on their loss or abscission, the claws, and parts non-essential to the continuance of life.

Rising still higher in the chain, with respect to indications of intelligence, and corporeal endowments, are the tribes of fishes, and reptiles, or amphibious animals;—above these, birds;—and again, the mammalia, with Man

* See page 38.

at their head, towering high above them all—their intellectual lord. Thus may we trace the links rising gradually through the series of organized beings.—But though not so evident, as perhaps a superficial view would lead us to suppose, still, however nearly the two kingdoms may at one point approximate, distinguishing characteristics do exist, which draw a line between them.

First, then, animals differ from plants in the arrangement and combination of their constituent principles. The essential elements of organized matter appear to be *carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote or nitrogen*,—together with *alkaline and earthy salts*:—now, the solid parts of all plants contain *carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen*, with scarcely a trace of *azote*. The solid parts of animals consist of *lime, or magnesia*, united with *carbonic or phosphoric acids*;—and in those beings of both kingdoms, which appear to be destitute of solid parts, the points of difference are even more numerous. We find the *gum or mucilage* of soft plants, differing widely from the *gelatine, or albumen*, of soft animals,—the former being destitute of *azote*, which enters as a constituent into the latter.—In the soft animals, there is no extensive combination of *carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen*, into which *azote* does not enter,—or, in other words, no substance of a vegetable kind. In consequence of this difference of composition, animal and vegetable matters may be easily distinguished when burning,—the odor of each being peculiar, and affording an infallible criterion. Besides, as vegetables abound in oxygen, they have a tendency, after death, to become acid, by its forming new combinations with carbon and hydrogen;—whereas, the soft parts of animals, after death, are disposed to become alkaline, the azote entering into new combinations with the hydrogen, and forming ammonia.

Secondly, animals and plants exhibit a difference in structure;—this, indeed, in the higher classes is ob-

vious,—and the same remark will, on close examination, be found to hold good, as it regards those animals and plants which bear the nearest affinity. For instance, the solid parts of vegetables consist of bundles of fibres, or threads, which lie parallel to one another,—each fibre constituting a tube, or vessel, for the circulation of the sap. Their construction is cylindrical throughout; and they are aggregated into bundles, the volume of which diminishes, as they proceed onward to the extremities of the plant; but it is not the subdivision of the tubes themselves, which occasions this decrease, but the separation of a certain number of tubes from the general aggregation, in order to form smaller bundles. Of these tubes, or fibres, we have observed the solid parts of plants to consist: but, on the contrary, the tubes, or vessels, for the circulation of the fluids, in animals, never constitute the solid parts,—they are all conical,—never proceed in bundles by a parallel course, and each vessel, giving off branches from itself, diminishes by subdivision.

Thirdly, animals differ from plants in their nutrition. Every animal is furnished with an apparatus, for the reception of food *internally*, where it undergoes certain changes, before its admission into the system,—and this admission is effected by means of a class of vessels, termed *lacteals*, or absorbents, which all originate on the *inside* of this apparatus. There is nothing similar to this in plants;—that is, they have no digestive apparatus of a similar nature. In these, the absorbing vessels of nutrition all arise *externally* on the *surface*. This, indeed, constitutes a most obvious and essential mark of distinction, and hence Dr. Alston was led fancifully to term plants *inverted* animals.

Fourthly, animals are endowed with *sensation*—the powers of *voluntary motion*—and for the most part, of *locomotion*. Plants possess not one of these qualifications. In all animals, it is true, a nervous system (on which sensation depends) cannot be disco-

vered; yet, as we observe this more or less developed, in the higher classes of animals, according to the station occupied by the species, we might almost venture to infer from analogy the existence of nerves in those lowest of animals, where their extreme minuteness may render it impossible to trace them by the dissecting knife, or ascertain their existence by the microscope;—or rather, perhaps, may we not admit, (and it seems probable,) that sensation, or a nervous power, very defined, it is true, resides or is diffused in such animals, (we allude to the zoophytes and others,) throughout the whole mass and texture of their composition,—thus rendering them, as it were, structures of nervous matter?—Be this, however, as it may, plants have no *nerves*, and are altogether unendowed with sensation. Unconscious, consequently, of their own existence, or of the existence of surrounding objects, they rise and flourish, and pass away, affording food to a multitude of animals, and man,—gratifying his senses by their beauty or perfume, adding to the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, and constituting the rich charm and loveliness of the landscape of the world.

The tribes of animals which give life and spirit to this landscape, and which are so numerous, and so varied in habits and kinds, are divided into *two* large groups or *general* families, namely, the vertebral, (or those possessing a vertebral column,) and the invertebral, (or those not possessing a vertebral column).—The group of vertebral animals is subdivided, First, into those whose skeleton is perfect; the heart consisting of *two* auricles, and *two* ventricles,—the blood warm and red. These are man, mammalia (that is, all animals that suckle their young), and birds. Secondly, into those whose skeleton is less perfect;—the heart consisting of *one* auricle, generally, and *one* ventricle;—the blood *cold* and red. These are amphibious animals, reptiles, and fishes.

The group of invertebral animals have no *internal* skeleton;—the heart

is imperfect, consisting generally of but *one* ventricle,—or is wanting. The *blood*, or more properly *sanies*, is cold, limpid, and colorless. These are insects, worms, moluscae, zoophytes, animalculae, &c. This group comprehends, as we may see, many classes of animals, differing widely from each other in structure and conformation,—yet all agreeing in certain particulars, and distinguished from the other groups, rather by what they want, than by what they possess, in common. Among those exhibiting the rudiments of a heart, its forms are very varied and different;—many, and especially the extensive class of worms, (vermes,) have no vestiges of this organ, their imperfect circulation being carried on by means of contractile tubes or vessels only.

In all animals, a certain process, termed respiration, is requisite for the preservation of life;—this, in the mammalia and birds, and most of the amphibia, consists in drawing into the lungs a certain quantity of atmospheric air, the oxygen of which acting upon the blood, deprives it of a portion of the carbon it contained, and renders it fit for the purposes of the animal economy.—The tribe of fishes inhabiting the water, have organs termed *gills*, adapted for respiring the fluid in which they live, and by the agency of which the necessary change in the blood is effected.—Insects and worms, unfurnished with lungs, or gills, have spiracles for breathing in a peculiar manner, extended over various parts of their bodies, by means of which the oxygen of the atmospheric air is enabled to come in contact with the blood or sanies, and effect that peculiar change in it, which the economy of these animals may require.

Having thus endeavored to render clear and distinct the boundaries which nature has established, as separating organic and inorganic bodies,—and fixed a line of division between the animal and vegetable kingdoms,—we may proceed with advantage to consider the powers, which, inherent in the living body, enable it to preserve

its organic existence. These are *sensibility* and *contractility*, to which may be added *instinct*.

The animal frame is composed of *solids* and *fluids*. The *solid* parts, in the more perfect animals, are,

1st. The *bones*,—hard unbending fulera, giving support and determinate figure to the body, and serving as *levers*, upon which the moving powers of the body act.

2d. The *muscles*,—the moving powers, or active instruments of motion. The texture of each muscle consists of a multitude of fibres,—divisible to an infinite degree,—running parallel to each other; the whole being surrounded by a delicate membrane, or fascia. Under a broad survey, we may divide them into the *voluntary*, or those obedient to volition, and the *involuntary*, or those not under the control of the will;—but we must not forget that some of the *involuntary* muscles, as those of respiration, (which perhaps rather claim a middle place,) are so far obedient to the will, as to be accelerated, diminished, or for a time suspended, in their action, at pleasure; although, in their natural state, their action, as much so as that of the heart, is perfectly involuntary.

3d. The *nerves*, or organs by which the frame is endowed with sensation. These are fibrous in their texture, white, and firm to the feel, but ramifying to a minuteness beyond conception. In man, nine pairs of nerves are found taking their origin from different parts of the *brain*, and supplying the nose, the eye, and muscles of the eyeball, the ear, and the tongue. The first, spreading on the membrane that lines the nose, is so constituted as to be affected by the volatilized particles of odorous bodies, while, the sensation being transmitted to the brain, we are thus endowed with the sense of *smell*. The second pair, expanding into what is termed the retina of the eyes, receives impressions through the medium of the rays of light, and thus we become acquainted with the forms and colors of external objects. The third and fourth, the

principal branches of the fifth, and the sixth pairs, are distributed among the delicate muscles placed at the back of the eyeball, and by which it is moved. The seventh divides into two branches, one of which (*portio dura*) ramifies on the face; but the other, soft and frail, (*portio mollis*,) and destined for receiving impressions from the vibrations of the air, is distributed in the internal parts of the ear, and affords to us the sense of hearing;—by this nerve we receive all our pleasure from the harmony of music, or hang upon the charmed breath of the speaker. The eighth and ninth pairs diffuse their branches on the tongue, and through them we are acquainted with the flavor of various substances; and to the ideas communicated by the impressions which they receive, we give the name of *taste*.

From the spinal cord, thirty-one pairs of nerves arise, distributed universally over every part of the body, communicating abundantly with each other, and forming, at various parts of their juncture, knots, or *ganglia*, the uses of which are not satisfactorily explained. These are the nerves on which depends general sensation, as well as those powers of the animal frame by which the existence and vigor of the whole is preserved.

4th. The *bloodvessels*: these are the *arteries*, conveying the blood from the heart to every part of the frame, to increase or repair it,—and the *veins*, which return the blood again to the heart, whence it passes immediately through the lungs, where it acquires properties fitted for its use in the system; from the lungs, it returns immediately back to the heart, and thence, in its now renovated state, it is poured through the aorta into all the arteries of the body, to be again returned by the veins as before.

5th. The *absorbents*: tubes adapted to supply, by means of nutriment, the loss or waste in the blood. There are two sets,—the *absorbents*, and, as they are commonly termed, the *lacteals*, (from *lac*, milk,) alluding to the milky fluid they contain.

6th. The *exhalants*: vessels or tubes for throwing off, as by perspiration, various excretions of the system.

7th. The membranous portions of the frame and the skin.

The *fluid*, necessary to life, and from which every other is secreted, (or separated,) as well as all solid parts of the frame, is the blood, composed of serum, fibrin, and coloring matter, which is conveyed, as we have mentioned, through every part of the body; and, by the agency of the extreme arteries, or capillary vessels, builds up this curious fabric, and repairs its losses. In the human body, the fluids have been estimated to bear a proportion of *five-sixths* to the whole; so that when these shall have evaporated, what remains? A little earth, and a mouldering skeleton. With truth might the poet say—

"A little dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

Thus have we given a condensed sketch, *in limine*, of the composition of the organic animal frame, and now let us advance to a cautious examination of the powers by which it is enabled to maintain, and, to a definite period, continue its organic existence;—these we have already stated to be *sensibility* and *contractility*—to which we may add *instinct*.

By *sensibility*, is to be understood that faculty, peculiar to organic beings, and which, possessed by living organs only, renders them capable of receiving from appropriate agents, or stimuli, an impression which, stronger or weaker, alters, increases, or directs their respective functions.—These stimuli may be classed as external, by which we mean light, caloric, air, and various bodies,—or internal, by which we would imply volition, the passions or affections of the mind, and instinct.

By *contractility*, is to be understood that power, by which each organ, having received an appropriate impression, or, in other terms, the *sensibility* of which is affected, is enabled to call itself into exertion, and execute its office.

Sensibility is either *latent* or *percipient*. By latent sensibility is indicated that modification which some organs possess, and which enables them to receive a natural impression, and to act, in consequence of it, without transmitting that impression to the brain;—by percipient, that modification, by which an organ is enabled to transmit to the brain, as well as receive, the impression for which it may be adapted.

Contractility is either *voluntary*, and *perceived*,—or *involuntary*, and *unperceived*.

These are the two essential properties connected with organic bodies, and on which all the phenomena they exhibit appear to depend;—they ever accompany and coöperate with each other, and, except in abstract reasoning, are not to be separated;—hence, we often hear them spoken of, by physiological writers, under the common term *irritability*, as including each.

In plants, and the polypi which in many respects resemble them, the sensibility is latent, and the contractility is involuntary and unperceived. For instance; the capillary vessels of a plant obeying the stimulus of the sap, which is circulated in them, contract and propel it through the whole system. Hence, too, delighting as it were in the warmth of the solar rays, the flowers and leaves of many plants, as the sunflower, turn to meet the rising orb, and follow him in his daily course;—and hence the sensitive plant contracts on being touched. Now, we are not to suppose that the plant or its vessels have any *consciousness* of the presence of the sap, or of the general warmth of the sun;—no: it is true that the involuntary motions of plants do indeed depend upon *sensibility*, (*latent*,) but, possessing neither *brain* nor *nervous system*, they are in themselves unconscious of every action they perform;—for feeling, or a sentient power, (*percipient sensibility*,) is only found in animals possessing a brain and nervous system; and the more perfect these organs, the more perfect is sen-

sation. The polypus, constituted without brain or nerves, and endowed only with the same latent sensibility, may contract or expand, but it cannot be said to enjoy the power of perception.

In man, and the higher orders of animals, whose brain and nervous system are completely developed, the percipient powers (or the power of *percipient* sensibility) are in full perfection;—and by these powers we are united to surrounding objects, the brain being the centre to which every impression is referred. But we must observe, that in the higher orders of animals, and man, a complete *percipient* power is only possessed by particular organs, each in its own degree and modification,—while all those by which nutrition and the circulation are effected, are endued with *latent* sensibility.

The heart, for instance, contracts in obedience to the stimulus which the blood communicates,—but of the presence of this fluid we ourselves feel unconscious, nor do we perceive, in health, the usual and natural contractions of the heart, much less of the multitude of smaller vessels pervading every part of the system. Thus the animal frame in this light may be viewed as a compound machine, con-

sisting of two sets of organs,—one set, by which we become conscious of external objects, and of our own existence; by which the actions of the will are performed, and which administer to our convenience or pleasure;—the other destined for the internal or organic life, and preservation of the body. The former comprehends the organs of the senses, as they are termed, and the agents of voluntary motion;—the latter, the organs of digestion, circulation, and secretion. By experience and research only, do we know of the existence of these organic operations; and their actions, of which we are unconscious, manifest themselves but by their effects.—And here may we not pause to admire the wisdom of the Divine Architect! How well is all this ordered! For did we perceive the multitudinous workings of this organic machine,—were the contractions and labors of every tube, the beatings of every “petty artery,” cognizable by our senses, in what a state should we pass through life!—How little could we perform of our respective duties!—How would every trifling variation, every change, affright us!—But it is not so! Surely this is not by chance; “in wisdom hath He made them all.”

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Messages from the Living to the Dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gael have such a ceaseless consciousness of Immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time; and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affection.”

See the Notes to Mrs. Brunton's “Discipline.”

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!
Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell;
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words,
Shall smite the soul no more!

And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main!
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell thou our friend of boyhood,
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift bright bird.
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
With lays she loved to sing.
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet ;
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet !

And tell our white-hair'd father,
That in the paths he trode,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks and worships God.

Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
That o'er her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore !
Happy thou art, that soon, how soon !
Our good and bright will see ;
Oh ! brother, brother ! may I dwell
Ere long with them and thee !

MUCKLE-MOUD MEG AND THE LANG GUN.

A REMINISCENCE OF A FOWLER.

THERE had been from time immemorial, it was understood, in the Manse, a duck-gun of very great length, and a musket that, according to an old tradition, had been out both in the Seventeen and Forty-five. There were ten boys of us, and we succeeded by rotation to gun or musket, each boy retaining possession for a single day only ; but then the shooting season continued all the year. They must have been of admirable materials and workmanship ; for neither of them so much as once burst during the Seven Years' War. The musket, who, we have often since thought, must surely rather have been a blunderbuss in disguise, was a perfect devil for kicking when she received her discharge ; so much so indeed, that it was reckoned creditable for the smaller boys not to be knocked down by the recoil. She had a very wide mouth—and was thought by us "an awfu' scatterer;" a qualification which we considered of the very highest merit. She carried any thing we chose to put into her—there still being of all her performances a loud and favorable report—balls, buttons, chunky stanes, slugs, or hail. She had but two faults—she had got addicted, probably in early life, to one habit of burning priming, and to another of hanging fire ; habits of which it was impossible, for us at least, to break her by the most assiduous hammering of many a new series of flints ; but such was the high place she justly occupied in the affec-

tion and admiration of us all, that faults like these did not in the least detract from her general character. Our delight when she did absolutely and positively and *bonâ fide* go off, was in proportion to the comparative rarity of that occurrence ; and as to hanging fire—why we used to let her take her own time, contriving to keep her at the level as long as our strength sufficed, eyes shut perhaps, teeth clenched, face gurning, and head slightly averted over the right shoulder, till Muckle-mou'd Meg, who took things leisurely, went off at last with an explosion like the blowing up of a rock.

The "Lang Gun," again, was of a much gentler disposition, and, instead of kicking, ran into the opposite extreme on being let off, inclining forwards as if she would follow the shot. We believe, however, this apparent peculiarity arose from her extreme length, which rendered it difficult for us to hold her horizontally—and hence the muzzle being attracted earthward, the entire gun appeared to leave the shoulder of the Shooter. That such is the true theory of the phenomenon seems to be proved by this—that when the "Lang Gun" was, in the act of firing, laid across the shoulders of two boys standing about a yard the one before the other, she kicked every bit as well as the blunderbuss. Her lock was of a very peculiar construction. It was so contrived that, when on full cock, the dog-head, as we used to call it, stood back at least seven

inches, and unless the flint was put in to a nicety, by pulling the trigger you by no means caused any uncovering of the pan, but things in general remained in *statu quo*—and there was perfect silence. She had a worm-eaten stock, into which the barrel seldom was able to get itself fairly inserted; and even with the aid of circumvolving twine, 'twas always coggly. Thus too, the vizey (*Anglice* sight) generally inclined unduly to one side or the other, and was the cause of all of us every day hitting and hurting objects of whose existence, even, we were not aware, till alarmed by the lowing or the galloping of cattle on the hills; and we hear now the yell of an old woman in black bonnet and red cloak, who shook her staff at us like a witch, with the blood running down the furrows of her face, and, with many oaths, maintained that she was murdered. The "Lang Gun" had certainly a strong vomit—and, with slugs or swan shot, was dangerous at two hundred yards to any living thing. Bob Laurie, at that distance, arrested the career of a mad dog—a single slug having been sent through the eye into the brain. We wonder if one or both of those companions of our boyhood be yet alive—or, like many other great guns that have since made more noise in the world, fallen a silent prey to the rust of oblivion!

Not a boy in the school had a game certificate—or, as it was celled in the parish—"a leeshance." Nor, for a year or two, was such a permit necessary; as we confined ourselves almost exclusively to sparrows. Not that we had any personal animosity to the sparrow individually—on the contrary, we loved him, and had a tame one—a fellow of infinite fancy—with comb and wattles of crimson cloth like a game-cock. But their numbers, without number numberless, seemed to justify the humanest of boys in killing any quantity of sprauchs. Why, they would sometimes settle on the clipped half-thorn and half-beech hedge of the Manse garden in myriads, midge-like; and then out any two of us, whose

day it happened to be, used to sally with Muckle-mou'd Meg and the Lang Gun, charged two hands and a finger; and, with a loud shout, startling them from their roost like the sudden casting of a swarm of bees, we let drive into the whirr—a shower of feathers was instantly seen swimming in the air, and flower-bed and onion-bed covered with scores of the mortally wounded old cocks with black heads, old hens with brown, and the pride of the eaves laid low before their first crop of pease! Never was there such a parish for sparrows. You had but to fling a stone into any stack-yard, and up rose a sprauch-shower. The thatch of every cottage was drilled by them like honey-combs. House-spouts were of no use in rainy weather—for they were all choked up by sprauch-nests. At each particular barn-door, when the farmers were at work, you might have thought you saw the entire sparrow-population of the parish. Seldom a Sabbath, during pairing, building, breeding, nursing, and training season, could you hear a single syllable of the sermon for their sakes, all a-huddle and a-chirp in the belfry and among the old loose slates. On every stercoraceous deposit on coach, cart, or bridle road, they were busy on grain or pulse; and, in spite of cur and cat, legions embrowned every cottage garden. Emigration itself in many million families would have left no perceptible void; and the inextinguishable multitude would have laughed at the Plague.

O Muckle-mou'd Meg! and can it be that thou art numbered among forgotten things—unexistences!

"Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees!"

What would we not now give for a sight—a kiss—of thy dear lips! Lips which we remember once to have put to our own, even when thy beloved barrel was double-loaded! Now we sigh to think on what then made us shudder! Oh! that thy but were but now resting on our shoulder! Alas! for ever discharged! Burst and rent

asunder, art thou now lying buried in a peat-moss? Did some vulgar villain village Vulcan convert thee, name and nature, into nails? Some dark-visaged Douglas of a hen-roost-robbing Egyptian, solder thee into a pan? Oh! that our passion could dig down unto thee into the bowels of the earth—and with loud lamenting elegies, and louder hymns of gratulation, restore thee, butless, lockless, vyziless, burst, rent, torn, and twisted though thou be'st, to the light of day, and of the world-rejoicing Sun! Then would we adorn thee with evergreen wreaths of the laurel and the ivy—and hang thee up, in memory and in monument of all the bright, dim, still,

stormy days of our boyhood—when gloom itself was glory—and when—But

“Be hush'd my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore.”

Cassandra, Corinna, Sappho, Lucretia, Cleopatra, Tighe, De Stael—in their beauty or in their genius—are, with millions on millions of the fair-faced or bright-souled, nothing but dust and ashes; and as they are, so shall Baillie, and Grant, and Hemans, and Lander be—and why vainly yearn “with love and longings infinite,” to save from doom of perishable nature—of all created things, but one alone—Muckle-mou'd Meg!

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

THERE are *three* Quarterly Reviews now published in the United States; one at Boston, one at Philadelphia, and one at Charleston. They are each exceedingly creditable specimens of the talents and attainments of our brethren of the New World; and we, whatever others may think, feel a real satisfaction, somewhat approaching to pride, in beholding the English language cultivated with such success, and made the instrument of diffusing so much valuable information through countries where the rude dialect of the Indian savage was, a century ago, the only medium of communicating the commonest thoughts and desires of the wild huntsman's life. The spread of our native tongue over the widest and fairest portions of the globe is a remarkable example of the influence of a great commercial nation in the civilization of mankind; and it is more than probable that, in a very few years, the use of the English will as far exceed that of all other languages, as did the Spanish within a century after the discovery of the passage of the Cape.

The North American Review, published at Boston, is now in its 60th

number. This work is well known in England, and is distinguished, if not for its brilliancy, for its calm good sense, and its general freedom from national prejudices.

There is nothing that we can see in it, of any jealousy of England and her institutions, or any vain parade of the power, the resources, and intelligence of our transatlantic brethren. It is, indeed, fortunate, that the unnatural animosities of children, boasting a common mother, and participating, each very largely, in the blessings of a free government, should no longer be fomented by the passions and prejudices of ignorant and flippant writers, on either side the water. It is to the real interest, both of England and America, that a constant feeling of kindness should be cherished between them;—those who desire friendship and peace cannot do better than promote their common literature, and freely interchange a tribute of respect for all those productions which belong to high principles and solid learning.

“The American Quarterly Review” is printed at Philadelphia, and has yet only reached its tenth number. It appears to us well adapted for popu-

larity, and conveys a great body of valuable information, not very new or very original, but well adapted to the wants of a people whose literary habits have yet to be formed. The subjects, and the mode of treating them, are rather more elementary than in the North American Review; and it is, perhaps, rather more distinguished for a strong religious tone, not in the least allied to fanaticism, but very decided.

Of "the Southern Review," two numbers only have yet appeared. The publication commenced in February, of the present year.

The first number of this work certainly displays much variety of talent;—for we have papers on the Calculus, Phrenology, Political Economy, Colonization, and Mineralogy;—and we must conscientiously say they appear to us each executed with talent and learning that reflect honor on the source from which American Literature has sprung.

There is a very forcible paper on Roman Literature in the second number, which appears to us from the same able pen as that of Classical Learning. It comes with peculiar interest from an American pen—and from a country where literature must necessarily be catholic rather than national—a reflection of the modes of thought and feeling in the Old World, rather than the exposition of any peculiarities in their own state of society. The United States have sprung up at once into the manhood of civilization, without having toiled to that eminence through the long contests which knowledge, in Europe, has had to wage with brute force, and which contests have left behind them the monuments and the associations upon which a national literature must be formed. The *antiquities* of North America are to be found in England.

The American periodicals, which we have rapidly noticed, present us with few favorable specimens of original works published in the United States, particularly in works of ima-

gination. Our Southern reviewer is inclined to be sufficiently severe upon his poetical brethren—and not without justice.

The interchange of literature between nations is like the reciprocity of commerce;—each party must profit by it. Although, for many years, England will supply America with books—for the more civilized country will have greater leisure to attend to the luxuries of life, while the settlers, the creators of fresh channels of commerce, the inventors and adapters of machinery, must be busy for a century or so, getting their new house in order—it is not therefore to be concluded that we shall derive no advantage from the literature of America. We apprehend that the writers of the United States, with occasional exceptions, will for some time put forth their strength in periodical papers rather than in bulky volumes. They have no literature to create. The wide extent of our common storehouse is open to them;—and they may range, fully and freely, amongst our plenteous garners. They were born in a happy time for the rapid attainment of knowledge. They live in an age of Encyclopædias—and all they have to do is to adapt the great mass of information to the leisure and temper of their own people. Science and literature must, in the United States, be for a long time elementary and popular. They have to enclose all the old, fat, blossoming, and fruit-bearing common-fields, before they have occasion to break up the wastes of knowledge. They will, therefore, reprint all our old glorious writers—the Shakspeares, and Bacons, and Miltons, and Popes, and Swifts, and Burkes—their inheritance as well as ours. For modern novelties, have they not the Murrays, and Longmans, and Colburns of England, to set their presses going? And, therefore, they will review, for half a century at least. But we shall still be gainers by this process. We shall see how our factitious modes of thought, growing out of our over-refinement in manners, and our intricate system of

compromises in politics, will look in the eyes of individuals and communities who are inclined to err in the other excess—who sometimes mistake rudeness for strength, and are too apt to apply the standard of utility to matters which have neither height nor breadth, and cannot be gauged by all the algebra in the world. One of their reviewers—and we think the most talented of them—reproaches his fellow-citizens, that they begin from the beginning and take nothing for granted. We, on the other hand, are mightily inclined to pride ourselves upon taking most things for granted, beginning at the practical point, according to our notions of that really ideal halting-place. Now, in our hatred of appearing ignorant, and of being suspected of moving in our leading-strings, both in learning and politics, we sometimes utterly forget those general principles—of liberty and all that, for instance,—which no refinement, real or imaginary, ought to allow us to neglect. The mirror of American literature may sometimes very happily show us, what a prim, affected, strait-laced, effeminate and powerless thing is that public mind, “which goes on refining,” till it has lost all relish for the plain food from which it must derive its strength—and minces along, the shadow of a

shade, “powdered as for a feast,” but “rank and foul within,” amidst all its perfumes. American literature will be for many years to the English, as the bold, sometimes rude, but honest and substantial yeoman, is to the polite, perchance sarcastic, but elegant and accomplished favorite of the opera-box. The one tells a plain tale in homely and vigorous language—does not repress his natural curiosity when he sees anything wonderful or new—and is often abundantly provoking with his rather ignorant boasting upon the subject of his own imperfect acquaintance with men and books, and most matters of taste. The other disdains to mention any single thing by its right name—remains in ignorance of any unfamiliar object rather than request to be informed—and is most contemptuously loud in his abomination of all those persons and matters which conduce to the ordinary comforts and satisfactions of life. Now these two individuals might learn a great deal of each other—if each would abate a little of exclusiveness and arrogance;—and just in the same way, two nations like England and the United States, might abundantly profit by an intellectual interchange, if they would agree to cast aside the prejudices which occasionally render each odious in the eyes of the other.

THE SPANISH GUITAR.

My gay guitar, my gay guitar !
When sleep the furious sounds of war,
The soldier's bosom, fresh and free,
Finds solace and delight in thee.
The stern array, the warrior pride,
The plume, the musket—dashed aside,
Those pulses that unmoved can brave
The burst of battle's fiery wave,
Dance light beneath the evening star,
When ring thy notes, my gay guitar!

O! what can smooth to joy but thou,
The toiling peasant's dusty brow?
When o'er Valencia's burning plain
No breezes fan the yellow grain,—
No shower to cool the parching sky,—
No shade to rest the wearied eye,—
While homeward slow he plods his way
In the red sunset's level ray,
He springs with glee to hear from far
The tinkling of the gay guitar.

When night's deep hue the horizon bounds,
Amid the ceaseless ocean sounds,
The dash of waves, the voiceful gale,
The sea-bird's cry, the shifting sail,
The fisher in his lonely boat,
Cheers the long darkness with thy note.
He looks where many a league away
His native shore lies dim and grey.
And wakes, to greet the moon's pale car,
The music of his gay guitar.

At vintage feast, when dance and song
Inspire with jollity the throng,
'Mid lips that gush with joyous tone,
And eyes the heart's delight that own,
O! then, my gay guitar, thy strain
Flings a new life through every vein;
In halls where high-born beauties glide,
'Mid brows of sway, and steps of pride,
The revel's blithest hour 'twould mar,
To want thy notes, my gay guitar!

In toilsome paths, o'er steep and glade,
Where waves the hoary cork-tree's shade,
Where loud the inland torrent roars,
Or rise the Atlantic's stormy shores,
Rings the slow mule's unceasing bell
From sea to plain, from crag to dell ;
And still his *seguidilla's* cheer
The wanderings of the muleteer,
And to his soul no joys there are
So dear as thine, my gay guitar !

The student pale, whose eyes are wrought
To dimness by excess of thought,
Whose vigor all is worn away,
And youthful locks untimely grey,
Who feebly runs to meet the tomb,
While wisdom lights him through the gloom ;
When beats the swelling heart with pain,
And anguish throbs in every vein,
O ! then with thee, my gay guitar,
He soothes his struggling bosom's jar.

My gay guitar, at midnight hour,
With thee I seek Louisa's bower :
Thy music round her slumber streams,
And blends amid her starry dreams,
Till opes the lattice and displays
Her form of light to bless my gaze,
Her trembling breast, and glowing cheek,
And eyes a timid joy that speak,
For pride and fear's reluctant bar
Yield to thy strain, my gay guitar !

When memory's shadows round me rise,
When hope departs, and pleasure dies,
And every gentler pulse has fled
The anguish'd heart, and aching head ;
When burning passion's wildest hour
O'er the dark soul asserts its power ;
In each dread change the soul can know
Of impulse fierce, or hopeless woe,
To calm the troubled spirit's war,
I touch thy strings, my gay guitar !

THE LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

Explanation of the Print of the Fashions.

BALL DRESS.

A DRESS of pink gauze, with a rich white satin stripe. Three pointed flounces, set on rather scanty, ornament the border: one, the same as the dress, placed between two of white Japanese gauze: the flounces fall over each other, and all have the points bound with a narrow *rouleau*. The body is made slightly *en gerbe*, high across the bust, but low on the shoulders, and the sleeves are very short, plain, and full, with the stripes in bias. The hair is elevated *à la Giraffe*, on the summit of the head; but this ornamental hair, which is carried so high, is not formed of wired loops, according to the first arrangement of that head-dress, but consists of innumerable curls in raised clusters, confined by narrow platted braids, which by being twisted round, support, and keep them firm together: at the base of this elevation is a wreath of large, full-blown, blush roses; the hair in front is parted on the forehead, in very full curls, though not large, over the temples, and short at the ears. Madonna braids are next the face, and the curls beyond. The ear-pendants are of pearls, but not very long; and the necklace is *à la*

Solitaire, formed of depending pear-pearls, from festoons of gold, in light chain work. The bracelets consist of two rows of gold beads, clasped with a cameo.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of stone-color muslin, lined with sarcenet of the same color, and finished down each side the front of the skirt with points; between each point is a *bouquet* of flowers in embroidery, of black. Over the bust and back is a *canezou*-spencer without sleeves, the same as the pelisse, finished by points, the same as those on the skirt, except that the *bouquets* are left out. The sleeves are *à la Marie*, and have a deep cuff at the wrist, edged with *antique* English points, which are finished round in the same manner as those on the pelisse and *canezou*: the throat is encircled by a double ruff. A white transparent bonnet is worn with this dress, with a *ruche* at the edge, and trimmed with pink ribbon, edged and spotted with black: though the bonnet is fastened under the chin by a *mentonnière* of blond, the strings are tied carelessly by a bow on the right side.

EVENING COSTUME.

A DRESS of turquoise-blue sarcenet, with two rows of points round the

border, set on sounce-wise: these points are trimmed at the edge with a narrow, full *ruche* of blue crape; and between each point is a scroll of blue *crêpe-lisse*, edged by a very slight and delicate pattern in embroidery: the scrolls are gathered full at the top under the points, and depend *en fichus*. The body is *en gerbe*, with a pointed zone round the waist. Long white sleeves of crape, are surmounted by those which are short *en ballons*, of the same color and material as the dress: at the termination of the short sleeves is a bow of blue ribbon at the

back part of the arm; and another bow is placed on the left side of the tucker, in which bow is mingled a portion of white ribbon. The white sleeves are terminated at the wrists by English, *antique*, pointed cuffs of blue sarcenet; and a bracelet of white and gold enamel, with a white *agate* brooch, encircles the wrist, next the hand. A dress hat is worn with this costume, of white chip, with bows of blue and white ribbons under the brim, and a very beautiful plumage of white feathers, edged and tipped with blue, is tastefully disposed over the crown.

VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

CHANGES OF SOCIETY.

THE circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity—these *are*, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies, or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties, and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind ten thousand counters, at ten thousand firesides. The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.

One morning, at an inn in the South of Ireland, a gentleman travelling upon mercantile business, came running down stairs a few minutes before the appearance of the stage coach, in which he had taken a seat for Dublin. Seeing an ugly little fellow leaning against the door post, with dirty face and shabby clothes, he hailed him and ordered him to brush his coat. The

operation proceeding rather slowly, the impatient traveller cursed the lazy valet for an idle, good-for-nothing dog, and threatened him with corporal punishment on the spot, if he did not make haste and finish his job well, before the arrival of the coach. Terror seemed to produce its effect; the fellow brushed the coat, and then the trowsers with great diligence, and was rewarded with sixpence, which he received with a low bow. The gentleman went into the bar, and paid his bill, just as the expected vehicle reached the door. Upon getting inside, guess his astonishment to find his friend, the quondam waiter, seated snugly in one corner, with all the look of a person well used to comfort. After two or three hurried glances, to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him, he commenced a confused apology for his blunder, condemning his own rashness and stupidity—but he was speedily interrupted by the other exclaiming—"Oh, never mind—make no apologies—these are hard times, and it is well to earn a trifle in an honest way. I am much obliged for your handsome fee for so small a job; my name, sir, is John Philpot Curran—pray what is yours?" The other was thunderstruck by the idea of such an introduction to the most celebrated

man of his day : but the irresistible wit and drollery of Curran soon overcame his confusion ; and the traveller never rejoiced less at the termination of a long journey, than when he beheld the distant spires of Dublin glitter in the light of a setting sun. This deserves to be recorded among the many comical adventures into which Curran was led by his total inattention to personal appearance.

CHINESE PRISON.

Prisoners who have money to spend, can be accommodated with private apartments, cards, servants, and every luxury. The prisoners' chains and fetters are removed from their bodies, and suspended against the wall, till the hour of going the rounds occurs ; after that ceremony is over, the fetters are again placed where they hurt nobody. But those who have not money to bribe the keepers, are in a woful condition. Not only is every alleviation of their sufferings removed, but actual infliction of punishment is added, to extort money to buy "burnt-offerings" (of paper) to the god of the jail, as the phrase is. For this purpose the prisoners are tied up, or rather hung up, and flogged. At night, they are fettered down to a board, neck, wrists, and ankles, amidst ordure and filth, whilst the rats, unmolested, are permitted to gnaw their limbs !

REMEDY FOR DULNESS.

Lord Dorset used to say of a very goodnatured dull fellow, "'Tis a thousand pities that man is not illnatured, that one might kick him out of company !"

PICTURE OF LIFE.

In youth we seem to be climbing a hill on whose top eternal sunshine appears to rest. How eagerly we pant to attain its summit ; but when we have gained it, how different is the prospect on the other side ! We sigh as we contemplate the dreary waste before us, and look back with a wistful eye upon the flowery path we have passed, but may never more retrace. Life is like yon portentous cloud, fraught with thunder, storm,

and rain ; but religion, like those streaming rays of sunshine, will clothe it with light as with a garment, and fringe its shadowy skirts with gold.

POETRY AND PAINTING.

What the monk said of Virgil's *Æneid*, "that it would make an excellent poem if it were only put into rhyme ;" is just as if a Frenchman should say of a beauty, "Oh, what a fine woman that would be, if she was but painted !"

THE THREE TEACHERS.

To my question, how he could, at his age, have mastered so many attainments, his reply was, that with his three teachers, "everything might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gift of Providence. These three teachers were *Necessity*, *Habit*, and *Time*. At his starting in life, *Necessity* had told him, that if he hoped to live he must labor ; *Habit* had turned the labor into an *indulgence* ; and *Time* gave every man an hour for everything, unless he chose to yawn it away."—*Salathiel*.

STONE-MASON'S CRITICISM.

Mr. Bowles, the vicar of Bremhill, Wilts, is accustomed occasionally to write epitaphs for the young and aged dead among his own parishioners. An epitaph of his, on an aged father and mother, written in the character of a most exemplary son—the father living to eighty-seven years—ran thus :—

"My father—my poor mother—both are gone,
And o'er your cold remains I place this stone,
In memory of your virtues. May it tell
How long one parent lived, and both how well," &c.

When this was shown to the stone-mason critic, (and Mr. Bowles acknowledges he has heard worse public critics in his time,) he observed, that the lines *might* do with a little alteration—thus :—

"My father, and my mother too, are dead,
And here I put this grave-stone at their head ;
My father lived to eighty-seven, my mother
Not quite so long—and one died after Pother."

The population of Brussels is estimated at 90,000, of which 20,000 are paupers.